

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

28th Year. No. 15.

WILLIAM BLOTH
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Proprietor.

Price 2 Cents.



The New Maternity Hospital and Rescue Home, Vancouver—Side View.

(See Interview, page 3.)



A LOOK AT SOME OF THE SALVATION ARMY'S CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

This week our table is loaded with the Christmas Numbers of the Army's periodicals, which, on the whole, reflect great credit on the various Editors and printers.

The British periodicals make the best showing so far as artistic merit is concerned, but there is no doubt that the Christmas Cry from the continent of Europe takes the cake for excellence of paper and printing.

Color is predominant in the 1905 Christmas Numbers, and in our opinion—apart from the drawing—the Krigs Raabet (Norway) covers has a very effective design and color scheme.

The Strids Ropet (Sweden) is an excellent number, printed in two colors—a harmony in red and green—but a picture in the centre of each page, and the heading precisely similar in arrangement, tend to monotony when turned over sixteen times.

THE BRITISH "CRY."

The General on the Children.

For some reason or other, the British Cry is very fond of putting this question to its readers a few weeks before Christmas: "What is it the master likes?" and then triumphantly exclaiming, "The Christmas War Cry." Well, after looking at it we find no fault with this conclusion, for it is an excellent production, and the General's article is a gem. Here is an extract:—

BLESS THE CHILDREN.

"We will have a merry time with the children. Bless them! Let them romp and play, and sing and be merry in their own way. Never mind if they do make a dust and upset things generally. The heavy burdens and black corners of life will be on them all too soon. But mind, in all and through all, we must make them feel that Jesus is present at the festive board and watching over them at their play, and that to love and follow and fight for Him is the coming business of their lives."

"Let us have a merry Christmas at the corps. If in any corner of this round earth there should be happiness, it is there. Brothers and sisters all—the strong helping the weak, and everybody helping and loving every-

body else, and specially everybody loving everybody at Christmas time.

"Are there any differences between comrades at your corps? If so, let Smith and Brown sing, 'Life's too short to quarrel,' and mutually confess and be heartily reconciled right away, and become sworn friends from henceforth and for ever more."

THE SOCIAL GAZETTE.

Bill Ellis, the Boy Drunkard.

The Social Gazette is a striking number. We admire the lavish expenditure in illustrations, and have nothing but praise for its conception and production. It is full of good stuff. This is one of the stories:—

"It was his parents' fault. The first Christmas that ever Bill can remember was when he was only seven years of age. There had been great goings on in Bill's home. There was a good deal of drink about, and both father and mother got 'gloriously drunk.'"

"Let's make the youngster boozed," cried one of the visitors, and thus it came to pass that before he was eight years of age little Bill became intoxicated. Having made the little fellow drunk, his father rolled a penny through the open door into the street.

"Reeling and staggering after the coin rolled the boy, his inhuman parents and their associates holding their sides in drunken merriment at his foolish antics. It proved only the first step in a life of forty years of drunkenness and sin."

"Friends," he would say in after years, as he stood in the streets of his native town with a Salvation gurnsey covering his chest, 'I'm scarcely fifty years of age, but I've been a drunkard for forty years.'"

"As Bill grew older the drink habit grew stronger. He married, but in the course of his married life broke up no fewer than seven different homes."

"Then his wife got converted at the Army, much to Bill's disgust, who felt his dignity was being lowered by his wife associating herself with 'that low lot.'"

"One Saturday night he made his way to the hall, intending to disturb the meeting. It was nearly Christmas time.

"The testimonies which he heard backed home conviction on his heart."

"I came to the meeting to upset the Army, but instead got upset myself, and then God put me right."

"He says now he is a good man today, his wife is a happy woman, and his home a little 'heaven below.'"

The British Young Soldier is an excellent number, full of beautiful pictures and good reading matter for boys and girls.

THE AMERICAN "CRY."

The Better Land.

The American Christmas War Cry has altered its shape, and comes out in magazine form. It is a good number, and we understand 450,000 were disposed of. The beginning of the War Cry; early days of our Slum Work; a picture of the first Salvation Army meeting in America will no doubt prove exceptionally interesting to many. There is a splendid photograph of the Commander, who contributes an article entitled "The Better Land." The following is the opening paragraph, and is a fine piece of descriptive writing:—

"This is a beautiful world—indefinitely beautiful! Its architectural and artistic designs, speaking of the incomparable genius of its Creator, pale the best accomplishments of man. Its mountains of rock, lifting above castles of clouds their sun-crowned heads, leave in the dust the most magnificent productions of sculptor's chisel. Its stretch of harmonious coloring in bird's wing, in sky blue, in snow crystal and bench coral, outrun the wildest fancies of the painter's brush. Its captivating music, filling the heart of the hills with new song, scars beyond comparison with the masters of all ages. Oh, this natural world of ours—at every turn of its winding path man is confronted with some indelible evidence of a Creator's mind and a Father's love! These mountains whose feet the springs wash, while their hands hold on to the sky as though they stood there to tie earth and heaven together: these

valleys abloom with leaf and flower and awash with harvest; this earth, with all the beautiful treasures hidden in it; these springs, rivers, lakes, islands, seas, and continents, make a grand and glorious world."

ALL THE WORLD.

Twenty Years—Never Disgraced the Army.

All the World Christmas Number is well written, well illustrated, and well printed—which is nothing out of the ordinary. A stronger dash of Christmas flavoring would not hurt the contents. The following is the conclusion of the remarkable story of Foll Cotton:

"Foll was an exception to this rule the first Christmas after her conversion. An overmastering desire to see her old roystering companions, and drink with them as she had done of yore, took possession of her. Throwing a shawl over her head, she rushed in the direction of the town, never pausing till her feet were on the threshold of the place where her burning thirst might be assuaged. With her fingers on the handle of the hotel door she stood, her breath coming short and fast. Through the glass she could see a tumbler on the counter filled to the brim with the very liquor she craved. A customer lounged near the bar counter. He had evidently ordered the liquor. A wild impulse to dash into the bar and seize the liquor was upon her. She closed her eyes, but did not move. A second or two later she staggered rather than walked from the hotel. The conflict had been fierce, but she had conquered!"

"It was her last battle on that score. Though she lived for many years afterwards in a little cottage near to several drink shops, the old temptation never assailed her. Her Saviour, she used to say, was almighty to keep as well as to save."

"When the summons to Glory came, death had no terrors for her. She passed away, as she had lived for the last twenty years of her long life, rejoicing in sins forgiven. Her last words were: 'Twenty years—never broke out—never disgraced the Army!'"

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray for the men and boys behind prison bars who are striving to live new and good lives.

Sunday, Jan. 15.—Child of Promise.—Gen. xvii. 9-23.

Monday, Jan. 14.—Visitors from Beaven.—Gen. xviii. 1-15.

Tuesday, Jan. 16.—Interceding for Reform.—Gen. xviii. 17-32.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.—Saved for Abraham's Sake.—Gen. xix. 1-29.

Thursday, Jan. 17.—Withheld by God.—Gen. xx. 1-16.

Friday, Jan. 18.—Tested and Triumphant.—Gen. xxi. 5-6; xxii. 1-14.

Saturday, Jan. 10.—Unconditional Covenant.—Gen. xxii. 15-18; xxiii. 1-19.

A Letter to the Boys Behind Prison Bars.

The Praying League Secretary has been thinking so much about the boys who are incarcerated behind prison bars that she has decided to write them a special letter in the Praying League Columns.

Many of you watch eagerly for the white-winged messenger of hope—the War Cry—and read it as your own special prayer. You know that the Salvation Army is your friend. Many of you in by-gone days have told me your sad stories, and I know how disappointed you have been in the shipwreck you have made of your lives. But I want to send you a little word of cheer; some word which will brighten up the gloom and dispel the darkness of your narrow cell.

God loves you, in spite of all the sin you feel in your own heart. He will make the poor, spoiled, marred human being "a new creature." It is not His will that any should perish, but that all should live.

Have patience with yourself. You have been years drifting away. God will help you if you trust Him. Some of you have had Christian homes, and your childhood days are fragrant with sweet, tender memories. A loving mother's prayers follow you. Her tears have watered the midnight pillow, and her sorrow has entered into the heart of God. Others have not been so privileged. No parent's counsel was given you to warn you against life's quicksands. Unfortunate environment surrounded your earliest hours. You have had many disadvantages.

I know it is hard for you to pull against the stream, and with all the natural propensities to evil, there seems very little chance. But God has promised that whosoever that means you—cometh unto Him He will not turn away, and that His grace will be sufficient. Lift up your head and try again.

The Commissioner would like you to join the Praying League. It will be a help to you to do this. Send your name to the writer, or Lieut.-Colonel Fugate, at the U. S. Temple, 29 Albert St., Toronto, and you will receive a card of membership, and we will gladly welcome you into our Praying League family.

May God bless, cheer, and save you. Your friend, Blanche (Read) Johnston, Praying League Secretary.

MRS. COOMBS ON WOMEN'S RESCUE WORK IN CANADA.

AN INTERVIEW.

The Social Evil in Canada, according to Mrs. Commissioner Coombs, has some painful aspects, one of which is the extreme youth of the victims of bad men's perfidy. She also tells us what the Salvation Army is doing to remedy the lot of Canada's erring daughters, a work that meets with the approval of all who desire the uplifting of the fallen.



ONE of the most interesting happenings in connection with Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' recent run across the Dominion was the opening of the new Maternity Hospital and Rescue Home at Vancouver; and with a view to obtaining more information concerning an event of such great human interest as the opening of a Home for the rescue of erring womanhood, a representative of the War Cry recently waited upon Mrs. Coombs. The head of the Women's Work in this country expressed herself as being delighted with the latest acquisition to the chain of beneficent rescue institutions that now encircle the Dominion as in the days of old the Cities of Refuge encompassed Palestine, and said:—

Effects of Environment.

"The Home is admirably suited for our purpose. You know the Army holds the opinion—a view I share to the full—that most of us are creatures of our environment; that overcrowded and inconvenient homes produce eternally wives; while convenient and roomy houses produce methodical, cleanly house-wives. Thus in the buildings we select for our Rescue Homes we aim at three things, viz.: ample accommodation for economical running of the institution; a house that shall be homelike and enable us to thoroughly train the inmates for duties as service-girls or housewives, and a situation that shall be elevating in character and quite distinct from the usual surroundings of the class we seek to benefit.

"I claim that in the Vancouver Home we have succeeded in getting a house that combines these qualities in a rare degree."

"As to the first condition, the House at present will accommodate upwards of forty inmates, with officers, and as it stands in spacious grounds of its own, further additions can be easily made.

Wholesome Surroundings.

"The house, I may say, is beautifully built and most tastefully decorated, which fact is a consideration to the Army, as we have no money to expend upon costly furniture or expensive bric-a-brac, and yet we want to teach our girls how to properly handle furniture and clean rooms, so that when they go into well-appointed households they may be able to perform their duties in a well-trained manner. Besides, there is the beneficial effect of wholesome surroundings upon the girls themselves. So while we cannot afford luxurious furnishings, yet we like houses that have been well fitted—(smiling)—at other people's expense, and we arrange that the inmates shall have every convenience for personal cleanliness and comfort.

Ideal for Situation.

"So far as the situation of the Home is concerned, I think it is ideal. The general scenery around Vancouver is charming, and the locality in which the Home stands is one of its beauty

spots, as the name Fairview readily implies. Being situated on rising ground, the Home commands a splendid outlook upon the waters of False Creek and Burrard Inlet, as well as a magnificent view of the whole city; while the grounds are ornamented with flowers, shrubbery, ivied walls, and spreading trees. Yes, I am delighted with the Home, which, I may also say, was secured by the Commissioner on most advantageous terms."

"You aim at making Homes self-supporting, no doubt, Mrs. Coombs. What occupations have you for the girls?"

Unrealized Aims.

"That we aim at making the Homes self-supporting is certainly true, but in that respect I am sorry to say we do not yet realize our aims; so we still have to look to the generous and sympathetic public for a measure of support. We help ourselves, however, in the Vancouver Home, by laundry work and needle work. The basement will be well equipped as a laundry, and we are hoping to do a good business in that line. At the opening of the Home some of the most beautiful needle work—the work of the inmates—was on sale. That is a stock industry."

"You had a successful opening ceremony, had you not?"

A Successful Function.

"Yes, very. Many of the leading citizens, including Mr. W. J. Bowser, M.L.A., and City Controller Gibson, as well as a large number of ladies, were present, who expressed their pleasure at the Home, and their sympathy with our work in the most unqualified manner. The opening function was held in the main hall of the Home. It is constructed quite in old English style, and under the broad staircase is a capacious fireplace for burning logs, with commodious ingle nooks—a splendid place in which to spend a Christmas Eve. I should say."

"This hall is a very spacious apartment, and in it we shall have meetings with our inmates; for although I have let myself run at length in describing the Home and its human—its material aids to our work of rescuing girls from a life of shame; yet those things take quite a secondary place in our scheme of transforming the fallen. Our great hope is the power of Christ's Salvation; the changing of the heart by the power and love of God is what we look to for a permanent social Salvation."

Need for Rescue Work.

"Do you consider there is a great need for Women's Rescue Work in Canada, Mrs. Coombs?"

"Yes; but at the same time I do not know that it is greater than in other countries in which I have worked. As you know, there are numbers of Chinese in British Columbia, but so far as I can learn, the practice of Chinese forms of vice is not nearly so prevalent there as in certain Australian cities. Still it is there, as we know by cases which have come under the care of our officers. Then, in these

comparatively new cities to which young men and women have come, leaving behind them the restraints of home and mothers in other parts of the world, there is certain to be more folly and sin than take place in those settled communities wherein people live and die in the towns in which they were born. Yes, indeed, there is great need of our Rescue Homes, as many a heart-broken, shame-stricken girl has found."

"You mentioned the Chinese just now, Mrs. Coombs; do you think their presence is a menace to public morality?"

"Yes, in a certain sense I do; but not a greater menace than the importation of large bodies of men of any other nationality would be under the same conditions."

"Is there any characteristic of Women's Social Work in this country that has impressed you as being unusual?"

Young Victims.

"There is one aspect of our work that has always struck me as being exceedingly pitiful, and that is the extreme youth of some who come into our maternity hospitals. Do you know that once a young girl spent her thirteenth birthday in one of our Homes, with her baby in her arms?"

"What a terrible thing."

"Yes, it was indeed. Some of the cases who come to us are most distressing. Here is one: A young girl who came to this country through a society in England was adopted by a man of sixty years of age. He took advantage of the child's youth and inexperience, and led her astray. When his wife discovered that this child was about to become a mother, she gave her a satchel with a few things in it, bought a ticket to a distant city, and heartlessly sent the young thing to that strange place with but a dollar in her pocket, telling her to look for help when she got there. Shortly after reaching her destination the girl was taken to a hospital, and before she was fifteen years old a baby was laid in her arms. I am glad to be able to say that our officers in that city, hearing of her case, interested themselves on her behalf, and finding that she had a sister in England, arranged for the girl and her baby to be sent to her friends, where she is now as happy and comfortable as one in her condition can be.

Kindly Death.

"One of my officers also mentioned another sad case in which a step-father sinned with his sixteen-year-old daughter. The mother of the girl had five other children in the house, and was nearly distracted at the trouble and shame that had come upon them. Our officers did what they could to help the young mother, but in a few weeks kindly death ended all, but the hideous sin of the step-father and the sorrow and grief of that heart-broken mother. These two examples I have given you, I regret to say, are samples of many."

"But can nothing be done to prevent this great wrong on children? Cannot the age of consent be raised?"

"The age of consent is the same as in England, I believe; but I am afraid there is great laxity in administering the lash of the law for this particular crime. If I could have my way I would make a stern example of some of the offenders, which I have no doubt would have very wholesome effects."

A Hard Question.

"Mrs. Coombs, why do girls go wrong?"

"You ask me a very grave question. I read a very impressive article in a magazine a few days ago in which an American judge stated that nine-tenths of the girls who go wrong do so because of the carelessness of parents. I am inclined to agree with that view. Certainly I believe that the seeds of an impure, and perhaps vicious, life are sown in the years of say from nine to twelve, and that parents, for various reasons, do little or nothing to counteract the vicious influences of the public streets and school playgrounds. I fancy I should like to say something to parents sometimes through the columns of the War Cry on this important matter. For the present, however, I will content myself with saying the main causes which bring girls to our Homes are lack of proper home training, undue love of finery and so-called freedom, and the machinations of bad men."

A Good Percentage.

"What percentage of the inmates of your Homes become permanently reformed?"

"Well, you see, as the term 'Maternity Hospital and Rescue Homes' implies, our inmates form two classes—maternity cases, which are girls who, through betrayal and folly, get into trouble; and rescue cases, which are girls from the streets. Of the former, as high as 95 per cent. are saved to a better life, and of the latter 75 per cent. are reformed.

"Some of the girls who come to us from a life of shame are very hopeless creatures indeed, and call for all the tact and patience that human nature and divine grace are capable of putting forth."

"Could you give me a case in point, Mrs. Coombs?"

"Yes; here are the facts of one case that illustrate very well what I mean. I will tell the girl Jane. She was left to the care of an indulgent grandmother, who allowed Jane unlimited freedom on the streets, so she naturally grew into a wild and vicious young woman.

(To be concluded next week.)

The first corps in South Africa to obtain a full set of "Our Own Make" silver-plated band instruments is Kronstadt. They were officially presented to the band by the Mayor at a musical demonstration in the Kronstadt Park on a recent Saturday evening, at which the principal people of the town were present.

PARAGRAPHS & PICTURES

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We have very great pleasure in sending to Captain McFarlick, of Ligier Street, Corps a coupon for one dollar, his paragraph below being adjudged the best sent in this week. We shall be glad to receive paragraphs or pictures for this page.

An Open Confession.

"No, Captain, I'm not a burry; don't think I've come to ask you for any money," said a poor, seedy-looking fellow one day as he came into the officers' quarters.

"I'm a contractor in this city," he continued, "and I have a nice home and a good wife, and earn plenty of money, though I'm not much to look at I know. I was in your meeting last night and ought to have come out to the penitent form, but I didn't. I feel as miserable as a man possibly can, and have come around here to-day to ask you to pray for me. I've committed almost every sin but murder, and I feel very wretched."

"Well, it's quite refreshing to meet a man who confesses himself a sinner," said the Captain. "There is such a crop of Pharisees around these parts. I will certainly be glad to pray with you."

Together they knelt in the quarters and the poor, miserable wretch, who had gone down through drink, sought the forgiveness of an offended God, and went away happier than when he came.

The Hindoo's Friend.

Some time ago a pathetic sight was witnessed in the streets of Vancouver. About 700 Hindoos had arrived that day clad only in their native garments, which were insufficient to protect them from the cold.

The authorities huddled them together in a shed to wait until a temporary place of refuge could be found for them. As they pushed and crowded one of their number had the misfortune to be knocked against a window with such force that it broke. Up came a burly official of the law and arrested the poor fellow while the owner of the shop came rushing out to claim damages.

The Hindoo could not speak a word of English, and was completely at the mercy of the policeman and shop-keeper.

Just then Adj. White happened to pass by and the Hindoo at once made signs to him. He recognized the hand around his cap as similar to the Muktianj in his native land, and he knew they were the friends of everybody.

The Adjutant took in the situation at a glance.

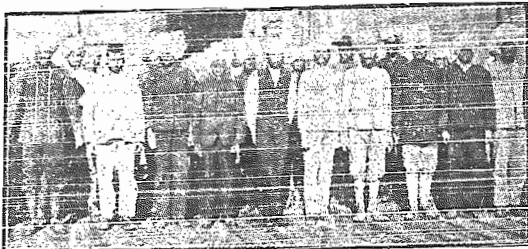
"How much do you want for the window?" he asked the store-keeper.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"Oh, now, don't pile it on. A little break like this won't cost two dollars to repair. Make it seventy-five cents and I should say it ought to satisfy you."

After some demur the store-keeper finally agreed and a collection was taken up on the spot amongst the poverty stricken crowd. They managed to raise the amount, and the Hindoo was thankful for this little timely act of help.

The Adjutant was about to offer the



A Group of Hindoo Immigrants, British Columbia.

shelter of the S. A. barracks to the whole crowd for the night, when the immigration officials arrived and said they had secured suitable accommodation for them.

Social Enterprise.

The Captain in charge of Klerksdorp, South Africa, has branched out into Social operations in connection with his corps work. We append the following extract from the South African Cry. It is suggestive:—

The Shelter opened here in connection with the corps is doing a good work. During the months of August and September 121 beds and 273 meals,



Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Warden Irvine, on the steps of the Manitoba Penitentiary.

and 224 beds and 500 meals were respectively supplied to men who would otherwise have had to go homeless and hungry. The practice followed is to give any newcomer a bed and breakfast free, but to insist, if he needs any further, he shall prove his bona fides by working for it. Capt. Wing, the officer in charge, reports that a gentleman of Klerksdorp, seeing the good work which was being done, has offered to the Army a piece of land, situated in the old town, which the men can be employed to cultivate and so earn their bread.

A labor bureau, on a small scale, is also in operation and various employers have already given work through its agency to a number of men.

Among the other good work done has been the sending of a poor unfortunate woman to the Rescue Home at Johannesburg. The Captain interested the local Ladies' Benevolent Society in the case, and the members very kindly provided the money for her railway fare. It may be said here that this society has on several occasions very kindly assisted, with money or clothing, cases which have been brought to its notice by the Army's representative, as well as requesting he should investigate others on its behalf.

When it is remembered that all the work necessitated by the developments noted above falls upon the Captain in addition to his ordinary corps' duties, it will be recognized he has by no means an idle time. Since his appointment to Klerksdorp, five souls have sought Salvation, all of whom, he is able to report, are doing well.

Would Sooner Have Christ.

The young man was a commission agent, and earned on an average about two thousand dollars a year.

One afternoon he made up his mind in a Salvation Army meeting that he would henceforth serve Christ.

Just what it meant to him he alone knew, but for conscience sake he felt obliged to give up his lucrative calling and seek another means of livelihood. As a driver of a coal cart at ten dollars a week he managed to get along nice, though hard at times.

"There is a great difference between this and what I used to be," he remarked to the Lieutenant one day, perhaps feeling a bit downhearted, and looking for a word of sympathy.

"But just think, Bro.," said the Lieutenant, "when you earned two thousand dollars a year it shut Christ out of your life; now you are at peace with Him. Which would you sooner have, Christ and the coal cart, or Satan and the thousands of dollars?"

He did not reflect long.

"I would sooner have Christ, Lieutenant," he replied.

A Sad Story of Desertion.

In a recent address at Guelph Staff-Capt. McLean referred to the great work being done by the Army in other towns and cities, and cited one or two incidents which had come under his notice of recent date. Only a few weeks ago in the city of Hamilton a poor woman was deserted by her husband, and left with her babe, penniless and friendless, without even a home or shelter. She, however, made her way to the Salvation Army and told her story. The Staff-Captain at once sent for an officer from the Rescue Home, and she was taken to the Home. The hostess of the poor woman was completely broken down, necessitating several calls being made for medical assistance on the route, for at the time of the street car strike riding was out of the question. On arriving at the Rescue Home a doctor was called in, and in spite of medical skill and careful nursing by the officers, the woman passed away within a few days of her admission.

The Army will look after the child and bury the remains of its mother.

Does God Answer Prayer?

While holding tent meetings in the State of Maine, U.S.A., the writer, with his two companions, happened to locate for a couple of weeks in a very rough and anti-religious town. It had been the custom for two of us to remain outside during the night, but on the night in question the writer alone stood guard. He retired to rest soon after the meeting closed, and slept peacefully for an hour or two, when he was awakened by rough voices outside demanding admittance. Shouting out to the intruders to be gone, unless they desired to be clubbed, he hastily donned a few articles of clothing, and seeing a tent proceeded to drive the miscreants away. All was quiet once more, and he again retired. But to his sleep, for soon the roughs, six in number, re-

turned to the attack. Seeing that the only chance to protect life and property was to put on a bold face and make an attempt to withstand the neighbors. He threw open the tent door and rushed out. Immediately he was attacked, but seizing two by the throat, he called loudly for help. The noise attracted a policeman in the vicinity, who arrived just in time to avoid the looting and demolition of the tent, which was the purpose for which the roughs had come. The sequel came two days later in a letter from a friend. He said:—

"The other night I was awakened with a terrible feeling that something was wrong and you were in danger. I tried to go to sleep, but a voice seemed to tell me to get up and pray for you. I got out of bed, and kneeling down I asked God if anything was wrong to protect you and keep you safe. I got back to bed and at once fell asleep."

Here was the answer to his prayer, though 1,500 miles away at the time. God's telephone was working, and He answered the ring.—Capt. Hobbsden.

A G. B. M. Agent.

Mrs. Egerton, of Galt, is Visiting Sergeant and Grace-Before-Meat Box Agent—and seventy years of age. She has forty box-holders, the contents of whose boxes average about \$20 a quarter. One of the holders, Mr. Wilkins, jeweller, is an ideal box-holder, as he



Sergt. Egerton, G. B. M. A.

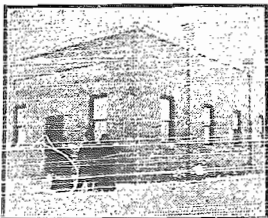
makes a point of heading the list, and one quarter his box alone contained \$12. Either Egerton made that valuation and collecting the Grace-Before-Meat Boxes work well together. Her husband has been a J. S. worker for fourteen years.

Forty Cigarettes a Day.

A young man who recently came to the penitent form at one of our Toronto corps made the confession that he had contracted the cigarette habit so badly that it took forty of them every day to satisfy his craving.

He also said that his mother had given him a Bible thirteen years ago with the prayer that he should guide his life by its precepts. All that time it had lain unopened in the bottom of his trunk. His heart had been touched by what the speaker had said in the meeting, however, and that night he took the Bible out from its resting-place and read in for the first time.

He is now an active soldier of the cross, and is determined to live according to the Bible he so long neglected. One of the first things he saw he would have to do was to quit his smoking, and over that he has obtained the victory, and finds he can get on better without smoking any cigarettes at all.



New Barracks, Medicine Hat.

German Soldiers' Rescue Efforts.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Written, the scene of a recent disastrous explosion, is a town in Rhineland where the Army has a flourishing corps, and also a Drunkards' Brigade possessing a special rescue apparatus. The explosion took place just as an Army meeting was in progress, and so contiguous that some of the windows of the hall were broken by the shock. Some of the inhabitants imagined that the Judgment Day had come, and the Captain admonished her own people and the congregation generally to prepare for the worst. Together with her Lieutenant she quickly got together twelve of the Drunkards' Brigade and set off to the scene of the catastrophe. On the way they were overtaken by the fire brigade, who counselled them to hurry up, as help was sorely needed. Pushing on, the Army's Rescue Brigade was the first on the spot to render assistance, apart from the fire brigade. It was a terrible affair, the casualties being twenty-seven killed and about fifty wounded. Despite the danger of a second explosion, our rescue party marched right into the face of the accident, carrying away on their stretchers to a place of safety the suffering. Right through the night they worked, the Captain, quite cool, with her Lieutenant, doing valuable service in bandaging up the injured, and relieving and helping wherever possible. Of course this made a favorable impression on the people. The papers have taken the matter up, and the Burgomaster of the city has publicly thanked the officers for their assistance, and in the railway trains, etc., there has been much talk of the brave efforts put forth by the Salvation Army. Commissioner Oliphant telegraphed his sympathy, and gave a donation to the sufferers. The Army hall was thrown open as a shelter, and the D. O. conducted a great meeting in one of the churches, the profits going to aid the unfortunate.

A Successful Collector.

AN ACTRESS COLLECTED FOR SOLATION ARMY DINNER.

The Section Journal has the following:-

When a beautiful blonde, richly dressed and carrying a Salvation Army box for offerings for the Thanks-giving dinner, stood at the corner of Wellington and Aven streets during the dinner hours, she attracted tremendous attention and created the biggest sensation that the business district has known for years.

Hundreds of men stopped in the street and mud to drop into the box an offering.

Women, too, stopped largely to admire the handsome Aethraean coat and smart French hat that the woman who was collecting for charity wore. Suddenly a tall, well-groomed, debonaire figure came on the scene. He stopped short at observing the vision that greeted him, and as he dropped in a contribution he gasped and said in an ultra-English tone: "Why, my eyes, Miss Drake, what are you doing here?"

The speaker was Lawrence D'Orsay, and his question revealed the identity of the volunteer Salvation Army lass. She was Miss Josephine Drake, the leading lady of the English actor's company. D'Orsay, appreciative of his leading lady's conduct, stood by her side for fifteen minutes, till the little box was filled.

WEDDING OF TWO OFFICERS.

Captain Mardall Joins Hands with Captain Anneveld.



Capt. and Mrs. Mardall.

HIS interesting event took place on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th, at the Temple. Brigadier Taylor officiated and many of the Headquarters Staff were present, while quite a large congregation gathered to witness the ceremony.

The entrance of the bridal party was a signal for much hand-clapping and cheering. Adj. Owen supported the bridegroom, while Capt. Peacock and Lieut. Andrews acted as bridesmaids.

Several of the officers present were called upon to speak during the evening, the first one being Brigadier Southall, under whom Capt. Mardall had once served. He referred in eloquent terms to the Captain's capabilities, and was convinced that while in the Trade Department he had demonstrated that degree of enthusiasm and enterprise which is necessary to the success of a Salvation Army officer. He believed that there was a career of blessing and usefulness before the young couple, and hoped their happiness would be increased a hundredfold by the step they have taken.

Tying the Knot.

Capt. Layman spoke on behalf of the corps at Niagara Falls, of which Capt. Mardall was once in charge. Brigadier Collier, Adj. Owen, and Adj. McElheney also gave brief addresses, and Capt. Peacock spoke on behalf of the bride.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, after reading a suitable portion of Scripture, referred to the Captain's present work in the Prison Gate Department, and on behalf of all the Headquarters Staff wished him and his wife all happiness, and hoped they would be instrumental in the conversion of thousands of souls.

The Articles of Marriage were then read by Brigadier Taylor, and the contracting parties stepped forward. Their responses were clear and firm, and after the knot had been tied each gave a personal testimony, expressing their determination to do it "they possibly could in the future for God and the Army."

From Over the Sea.

Some messages from friends in the Old Country were then read out by the Brigadier, and many expressions of good will and hopes for future happiness were conveyed to Capt. and Mrs. Mardall.

In his concluding remarks the Brig-

adier said that he had always noted two strong characteristics about the young couple while they were under his care in the Training Home. They were loyal to the Army, both as regards its doctrines and principles, and moreover they were hard-working and willing to do all in their power to advance the cause of Christ. They had gone into the field with the blessing of the Training Home upon them, and had had marked success wherever they had gone.

The Bridegroom and His Bride.

Captain Oliver Mardall hails from the town of Woodford, Eng. He comes from a family who may aptly be described as "Musical Salvationists." When they are all at home they number ten, and the variety of musical instruments they can play is remarkable. The Captain himself is an accomplished musician. As a singer he is well known in Army circles.

Converted at a very early age, he grew up in the Army, and was for a time Bandmaster of his native corps. Two years ago he came to Canada, and at that time he had no idea that God wanted him as an officer in the Army.

A Mother's Prayers.

His mother's prayers and desires followed him, however, and very soon he became convinced that he should offer himself as a Candidate for the work.

He applied to the Commissioner, therefore, and for three months was employed at Headquarters, during which time he organized the Temple Songster Brigade, and then he entered the Training Home. Commissioned as Captain, he was sent to open Niagara Falls, which he did with great success, leaving behind him when he farewelled a nice little band of soldiers, converts, and juniors as the nucleus of a thriving corps. Recalled to Headquarters, he worked hard for several months in the Immigration Department, and was then transferred to the Prison Gate Work. At present he is our Police Court Officer, and takes a great interest in his work, deeming it a great opportunity to help the unfortunate and the down-trodden.

The Bride.

As regards the comrade of his choice, let it be known that she also comes from Woodford, and has likewise been in the Army since a child. All unknown to each other they were

TIT-BITS

FROM THE TERRITORIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Mapp has just paid a flying visit to Paris on official business. The Army's Social Institutions in this city are full up, meetings are being well attended, and the outlook is distinctly encouraging.

Commissioner McAlonan, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, Colonel Formacion, inaugurated a new Social Institution for men at Basel.

Many families are throwing in their lot with the Salvation Army as the result of Brigadier Cook's revival meetings in Indian villages. Great crowds attend the open-air meetings, and a wonderful impression is being made upon the Hindoos, many of whom have come forward for Salvation. At one village the Brigadier arrived late, consequent upon the bad state of the roads, to discover that most of the people had retired to rest. They were awakened, however, and Hindoos and Salvationists assembled in great numbers, wrapped in their night garments, and listened to the story of Calvary with the utmost attention. At the subsequent prayer meeting more than twenty surrendered.

A new school has been started and opened at Koyatopo, India, a suburb of Madras, under very favorable auspices. A number of high caste people have expressed a desire to send their children to this school, which promises to be a great success.

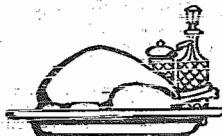
Good news comes from Nagercoil once again. In the Mazharic Division thirty-two neathen families have recently come over to the Army. Brigadier Yesu Patham was recently invited to a village called Kuitokai, where the people handed over their temple and its idols to the Army some time ago. The meeting was held in connection with the Harvest Festival. During the opening prayer meeting the earnestness of the congregation became so intense that it was impossible to proceed with the ordinary service. Some rushed to the point of form straightway, and in the end some 20 souls for Salvation were registered.

Dispatches have been received from the D. O's of Gudivada and Tenti Divisions, in the Training and Telegu Territory, intimating that there are nine villages ready for opening, and requesting that efforts be sent there. The people are clamoring for the Army, and are most anxious that schools should be opened for their children. Meanwhile, these villages are being attacked as outposts to the nearest corps.

distinctly called to officership at the same time, and so it happened that Cadet Isabella Anneveld came into the Toronto Training College a few months after Capt. Mardall had gone out from thence.

As a Cadet she was in charge of Toronto Junction, and later on went as Captain to Chesley, Bowmanville, and Norwich. At each place she fought a good fight, and faithfully upheld the cause of God and the Army.

The War Cry wishes Capt. and Mrs. Mardall a bright and blessed career of usefulness, and we are sure all our readers will pray that all happiness may be theirs for ever.



CHRISTMAS DINNERS FOR THE DESTITUTE



Destitute Persons and Poor Children Have Christmas Feasts—Gifts of Clothing and Merry Times—Toronto, Winnipeg and Montreal Do a Good Work.

Two Thousand Free Meals in Toronto.

SOME SAMPLES OF POVERTY.



"HE poor yo have with you always," said the Master, and it was a true statement. For even in this prosperous Dominion, where men joyfully, but untruly, say there are no poor, there are those who at the festive season just passed would have gone cold and hungry were it not for the benefactions of the Salvation Army.

In Toronto alone our officers distributed over 400 baskets of food to needy persons, which means that these 400 homes were visited, the circumstances of the inmates enquired into, and the visitors satisfied that through no dissipation or reprehensible conduct these people were in need.

A representative of the War Cry accompanied one of the officers on his mission of mercy. This is the Cry man's description of two homes he visited:

A Toronto Home.

We entered a room in one house. A family of six lived in this one apartment, which was destitute of carpets, pictures, curtains—grim poverty totally unrelieved pervaded the place. In one corner was an old wooden bed, in another stood a dilapidated washstand. Two broken chairs and a small table completed the inventory of furniture. In the old stove a bright fire was burning. I was delighted to see it, for the day was bitterly cold.

The poor woman was most prostrate in her thanks for the wholesome food that had been supplied.

What she would have done without it she could not tell. Her husband had met with a bad accident some months ago, and was in consequence thrown out of employment. In order to pay the rent and keep the family everything had had to be sold. It had been a very hard struggle for her indeed. Things were getting better now, and she was pleased to say her husband had managed to go to work that day, and now they looked forward to a brighter future. They would, however, always remember the help that the Army had been to them in their hour of greatest need.

No Moriment.

The outside appearance of the next house we called at was certainly an index to the condition of things within. A piece of old newspaper covered the hole where a pane of glass had been broken, the dingy old blind was held up in its place by a clothes peg, and the door was long a stranger to paint. Four women and four children lived in this unventilated little hovel. On an old lounge in what was termed the kitchen a wan-faced little boy was listlessly playing with a broken toy, while a poor little crippled child of three years of age whimpered in its mother's arms, and the women were huddled around the stove. They looked weary and hopeless, in painful contrast to the brightness and festive air that was so manifest amongst the

crowds in the streets. They were miserably poor, and glad to get work, but found that the children were a great tie upon them, and with all their efforts it was a great struggle to obtain food and pay the rent of their miserable dwelling place. Who they were it is hard to tell, but their need was obvious. They got food, and were grateful for the dinner.

A Savory Basket.

As we have already said, our officers found over four hundred in Toronto alone to whom baskets were sent containing supplies in proportion to the size of the family, and altogether we estimate that nearly two thousand men, women, and children shared in the Army's big Christmas dinner.

In each basket there was a chicken, a tin of soup, some sugar and tea, a pound of butter, some bread, and in cases where there were large families, some vegetables.

The generosity of the citizens of Toronto enabled us to do this, and those who gave money to "keep the pot boiling" will know that their generosity gave several hundreds a plentiful Christmas dinner.

Ten Thousand Persons Fed at Montreal.

A SPLENDID EFFORT.

According to our Special Correspondent, the Christmas efforts at Montreal have been successful in the highest degree, all past records having been left behind, and a new mark set for next year. Officers and soldiers have worked hard and happily, and through the generosity of the citizens of Montreal we have been able to do a great deal more than ever before for those not in favorable circumstances.

In all some 950 baskets of food have been provided, each containing food for ten persons. The contents being: Roast of beef, 5 lbs.; plum pudding, sugar, tea, soda biscuits, potatoes, a can of peas or corn, a loaf of bread, and some oranges. Many of the recipients of these baskets had as much as they could do to carry the load away, and judging from the comments made, they were deeply grateful and greatly relieved.

Poverty and Suffering.

In addition to this a great deal of extra relief work is being carried on by the soldiers of the Army throughout the city. Case after case, day by day, is being brought to their notice and attended to, and many is the heart-rending tale of poverty and suffering Brigadier Hargrave and his self-sacrificing staff can tell of hardships brought about by the severe weather and an insufficiency of the necessities of life.

Only yesterday a case was reported of a woman with four children, and another expected at any time, all living in one small room, the husband doing a term in jail, and not a thing to live on or anyone to get support from. They were immediately helped.

In another instance one of the Army officers came across a woman with three children living in a room, the furniture of which consisted of a board

on two small barrels, a bedstead without either springs or mattress and a heap of rags on the floor. The husband was out of work and they had no means of gaining a living. They were immediately supplied with what was necessary by the Army.

Caring for the Children.

The children were also well provided for, no less than 1,200 tickets being distributed. Two days were devoted to the children, who had a good feast at Alexander St. barracks, and were then marched up to the citadel, where they were entertained for a time, after which the unloading of the Christmas Tree commenced. True, they indulged in plenty of prattle, but on the whole behaved well. Every child received something useful, and in addition a good-sized bag of candy, nuts, and an orange.

The following will give an idea of the quantity of food used in connection with these festivities:—

4,520 lbs. beef.
54 bags potatoes.
1,020 loaves of bread.
875 plain puddings.
650 lbs. sugar.
950 packages of soda biscuits.
15 cases canned peas.
20 cases canned corn.
250 lbs. tea.
4,000 oranges.
82 lbs. ciccies.
48 cans salmon.
1 barrel biscuits.
1 tub butter.
200 lbs. cake.
30 lbs. mince meat.
32 pans mince pie (about 130 square feet).
220 lbs. candy.
150 lbs. peanuts.
100 lbs. filberts.
50 lbs. almonds.
50 lbs. walnuts.

Useful Gifts.

In addition to the foregoing numerous friends sent in quantities of goods which it is difficult to classify, but which all helped in the filling of the baskets. 550 lbs. of the beef was donated, also some of the potatoes, bread, puddings, soda biscuits, tea, etc.

Then the children were supplied with good, useful things, amongst which were the following:—

16 doz. hats and caps (donated).
64 doz. mitts, hose, toques, braces, mufflers, gloves, etc.
5 doz. brooms.
4 doz. dolls.
6 doz. pen-knives.
3 doz. hockey sticks.
4 doz. shovels.
2 doz. pen and pencil cases.
3 doz. dinner sets (knife, fork and spoon).
1 doz. purses.

The city officers, together with the Staff at P. H. Q., have taken a very active part in making things so successful, and the co-operation of those soldiers whose duties allowed them to help is also greatly appreciated.

The outlay has been great, but the responses of our many friends has made it possible for us to meet all expenses for which we thank them.

The inmates of the various hospitals and institutions were also remembered and a very tasteful card containing

the season's greetings was distributed to all by the League of Mercy workers.

Winnipeg Christmas Dinner.

TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FED.

"Hello, little girl; where's your mother?" queried the good-natured expressman at a little house on the outskirts of the city.

"In the hospital, sir," came the reply.

"What have you got to eat?"

"Bread."

"Anything else?"

"No, sir."

"Well, my little girl, here's a big hamper for you from the Salvation Army," said the soldier, and he placed the hamper on the floor. A well-filled basket, containing turkey, beef, vegetables, groceries, confectionery, pastry, etc.; all in prime condition, and fit for the table of the best in the land.

A Sample of Many.

This little incident is a sample of many that could be related which seemed to appeal specially to the hearts of the express men who for two days were kept busy distributing good cheer throughout Winnipeg this Christmas day.

From all directions requests poured in for meals. The relief officers, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, nurses, and ladies and gentlemen united in taking the heartiest interest in the efforts, forwarding "Neighborhood" names and addresses of the most needy and deserving cases. Hamper after hamper were packed and quickly transported by one of our half-dozen express men to their destination, and in this way over 1,900 meals were sent out.

It only requires a very ordinary imagination to picture the well-stocked table, around which is gathered a smiling-faced family, partaking of a real, genuine Christmas dinner in spite of empty purse, and adverse circumstances.

600 Hungry Children.

The set dinner in the citadel on Christmas Day brought together some 600 of the hungriest, neediest, and perhaps the seediest, of Winnipeg's poor. How they ate. If nature's laws are as inexorable at Christmas as they are at other times, how some of them would suffer. A week's board bill on the basis of some of the meals consumed would have a paralyzing effect on most ordinary incomes. Certainly none were turned empty away.

Money and effort have to be beyond accomplishments of this kind, and there was no lack in this respect.

Adj. Lacey and his staff kept "the pot boiling" on the street corners in good style, and with remarkable success. You couldn't miss the pot. If you were too blind to see, it was almost impossible to be too deaf to hear.

The staff of workers, from Brigadier Donnell down, are to be congratulated, and there can be no doubt but that the effort which supplied over 2,000 meals to Winnipeg's needy ones was the outstanding Christmas feature of this great Western City.

The Commissioner's Christmas Party.

COMMISSIONER RAILTON IN HOKAIDO.

A HAPPY AND SOCIABLE GATHERING.

All Good Things Come from God, Our Father.

A very happy and enjoyable evening was spent by all who were privileged to attend the Christmas party given by Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs on Dec. 28th, at the Temple. The officers of Headquarters and the city corps were present, together with the Cadets and the Temple Band. The wives and families of the married officers were also there, and the large hall was filled with as happy, and we might say as noisy, a crowd as could be seen at any Christmas gathering. They were invited to enjoy themselves at this festive season, and they certainly did. The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs moved in and out amongst the people with the greatest freedom, and made everyone feel quite at home by taking part in the amusements provided for the entertainment of both young and old. What with pinning on the donkey's tail, tug-of-war contests, and real donkey riding, it was just anything but a stiff and formal affair. The Commissioner's design in all this was to endeavor to make the young people feel that all the fun wasn't outside the Army, but that on proper occasions the Salvationists can get as much pleasure out of innocent amusement as the world can.

Santa Claus Appears.

After everyone had partaken of the good things that were on the tables, some moving pictures were thrown on the large screen, depicting many scenes of the General's motor tour and his visit to Palestine. Then the Commissioner gave a loud call to Father Christmas, and very soon the jingle of sleigh bells was heard. They came near and nearer, and as Father Christmas came bounding into the hall the large tree which stood in the centre was suddenly illuminated by colored electric lights. The effect was very pretty, loaded as the tree was with sparkling ornaments.

It did not take Father Christmas long to distribute the gifts, one for every boy and girl present.

In speaking to the children, the Commissioner laid great stress upon the fact that all good gifts come from above. Whichever brings them, it is God who sends them, and therefore we should love and serve Him, and show our gratitude to such a kind Father by obeying His commands, and giving Him our hearts.

The reference to the General's visit was received with delighted acclamation, and the Commissioner's promise that he would endeavor to let the children have a look at our dear leader was greeted with rapturous shouts.

At the conclusion of the proceedings Lieutenant-Colonel Gaslin moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs for their kindness and thoughtfulness in thus providing such an excellent entertainment. The Commissioner briefly replied that he was fully rewarded by the evident satisfaction and enjoyment of all who had been there, and hoped to meet them all again next Christmas.

Intelligence has been received of the promotion to Glory of Mrs. Major Osborne, widow of "Jim" Osborne, still affectionately remembered by hosts of comrades in South Africa. Mrs. Osborne was seized with paralysis a few weeks ago.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In view of the General's approaching visit to Japan, the following sidelight on the War in the Land of the Rising Sun is interesting.



HE magic lantern is used by our comrades in Japan mainly with a view to catching souls. My first tour with them with the lantern has so impressed me with its possibilities that I would fain get my views on to a wider horizon.

We went up to Hokaido, the Japanese northern island, where the climate is almost Canadian, and we went right into the first snow of the winter. Hokaido has so far only got a million and a half of population, of which 100,000 arrived there last year. The immigrants can have five to fifteen acres of land, to be paid for in after years. They live their first winter—often two winters—in such houses, through which any wind blows so that naked lights will not keep in, and beginning with \$75 to \$100 it is found that they can make their way up to a very comfortable position, working during their first winter anyhow at transportation and any other free time on lumber camps.

Lantern Artillery.

In the three lantern meetings, we had two in Hakodate and one in Sendai, on our way back to Tokyo, we had audiences of only 400, 600, and 800; but very many were people who had never before heard of the Army or its General, and most of whom knew nothing at all about Salvation. All watched and listened most attentively whilst, in an hour, Major Yamamura put before them some fifty scenes of the General's life and the Army's activity in every part of the world. Then followed scenes from our Japanese corps and scenes of parabolic exhibitions of the paths and the end of the victims of vice and misery, and of their Salvation in a Japanese way.

In ignorance of the language I, of course, missed all the Major's words, but it was evident that the Salvation message which several of us had proclaimed before the pictures, and which was sung into the people in songs and duets by Ensign and Mrs. Wilson at intervals, was being flashed into every soul with nearly every picture. There was indeed hearty laughter whenever any amusing incident of our work was related. But there was no applause after either solo or picture. Everybody felt we were really firing all the time, and the rapidity with which we were whisked from Klondyke to New Zealand, and from London to Melbourne and Tokyo, left nobody time for any wandering of thought from the main object, ever kept in full view.

Desperate Fishing.

The moment the last slide had passed the Major was thundering away for an immediate response. There was no rush, but in each case somebody soon volunteered, to be followed, after the usual desperate fishing, by others, so that we tallied some fifty-eight persons for Salvation and holiness from the three evenings, out of perhaps 1,200 people, besides having, no doubt, made many feel, as well as seen, that we were really a *Servo-the-World Army*, as our Japanese name calls us.

Dexterity in arrangement and working of the lantern, together with the intense attention of the people no doubt very much helped; but I felt that the whole affair was so very much

an expression of the heart of the exhibitors that I could not but think similar results might be got wholesale throughout the world if the lantern were delivered from the hands of amateurs, and used only by proper Salvation artillerymen and women.

Students Fishing.

In two cases, being away from any corps, we should have had no proper fishers had not Staff-Capt. Yoriki, who pioneered the tour, got some of the people on the spot into the fire. Some of these co-operated splendidly. Quite a number of students brought others to the meetings on purpose to get them saved. But what if they had found us aiming only at what is called "removing prejudice" (from the enemy!) or gaining applause by explanations of our various excellencies? Many would have then gone away full of prejudice for ever against those who turned the very Salvation Army into a worldly amusement. As it was we left behind everywhere crowds who had felt the power of God behind all our scenes.

What doubly delights me in every exhibition of this soul-saving passion amongst the Japanese, is the thought that they have only just begun to make our acquaintance. Some of our very best friends had no idea that we had any organization, were allowed to hold open-air meetings in Japan, or thought of doing such things in winter. One of the oldest missionaries in the country expressed his delight on finding that we really tried to do a permanent work for the souls of the people.

The Governor's Thanks.

Our general reputation, as some sort of benevolent enterprise, has been improved in this part of the Empire by the hundreds of starving people who were rescued from the brothel-keepers last winter. The Governor of Hokaido received us almost as soon as our cards were taken to him, and said:

"I thank you for this visit—you whose love to all mankind knows no partiality and is so generous. Be assured that you have my sympathy and esteem."

But to find that our shot spared nobody, and that we used everything yet done as a plea for instant full surrender, was to many of our hearers, no doubt, a great surprise.

Delighted as I had been last year in seeing the great harvest of souls got out of cinematograph and anniversary meetings in Tokyo, I had thought the result might be largely due to the presence of our entire force of officers and all our town soldiers in one building. But to see the same results when there were only ten—five ignorant of the language—of us in a city where the Army had never had a meeting before, and where the enormous majority of the population had never yet heard of Christ, all this was indeed proof conclusive that God Himself took pleasure in the effort, and I resolved to try our artillery elsewhere.

Oh, that the Army could, by some means, attract within range of its guns everywhere the sinners who keep so far off now, and then by proper firing and charging bring them wholesale to the cross. Are you going to do and get no more this winter than last? God forbid!

The Chief of the Staff, whose illuminating comments on holiness are to be found elsewhere in this issue, recently conducted a business meeting at Edmonton. A report of the meeting contains the following par—

Twenty-three seekers came out to the penitent form, and the trend of the talk in the Registration Room afterwards showed how deep a work had been done. But these meetings do not end with the denedification. They are but stepping-off places. As we to-day see men and women serving God all over the world through their getting sanctified in these meetings in the early eighties, so we shall see in ten, fifteen, and twenty years' time, God-honoring results of the Chit's holiness meetings in 1906.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth Tacker have safely arrived at Caylen, and have been cordially welcomed by old and new comrades and the inhabitants generally. Their preliminary meetings have been most encouraging, many souls having found Salvation, including Buddhists. The Commissioner's Councils with the officers have been seasons of inspiration and spiritual advance, and the prospects for the tour generally are of the grandest.

The Chief of the Staff once told the writer that he considered Commissioner Coombs to be one of the six hardest workers in the Salvation Army. This scribe wonders if one could work harder than the Commissioner does—and live. Success, however, is a great stimulant and although last week the Commissioner put in some tremendously heavy days, we understand he pulled off some good scoops for the Salvation Army, which will be revealed in due time.

Commissioner Edward Higgins continues in a very poor state of health. For some weeks his condition has been unsatisfactory, and has given cause for anxiety. His projected visit to South America has been cancelled, at any rate for the present, and he requires more than anything else a period of rest and quiet.

When at Brandon, Lieut-Colonel Pugmire had an interview with Woolly Bear, an Indian who was under sentence of death for killing a fellow-traveler, but who got saved through the instrumentality of our prison visitor in that town. We are glad to learn that His Excellency has commuted the sentence of death. He was to have been executed on Friday. It was reported that remorse and confinement had so affected him that he could only live a short time. The Government, therefore, decided that nature, and not the law, should be allowed to take its course.

We regret to announce that this Army has lost a warm-hearted friend in the death of Mr. John Naylor, of Halifax, N.S. From the time that this Army opened fire in that city, Mr. Naylor had been a staunch supporter of our work. He was a well-known business man, so well-known in that locality, that on one occasion he had, having visited Halifax and seen the name of John Naylor so extensively placarded—being a real estate agent—that he afterwards remarked that Halifax appeared to belong to God and John Naylor. The Commissioner visited him a short time prior to his death. Our sympathy and prayers are with the bereaved ones.

FROM OUR VIEW-POINT.

THE WAR CRY!

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and elsewhere, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert St. Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink and by typewriter, not in cursive. Give the name and address clearly. All communications relating to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters relating to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, should be addressed to LEO FARRIS, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

Comments on Current Matters.

THROUGH THE LAMB.

We are now clear away on 1907 with, we hope, a straight course before each one of us. The holidays, these delightful seasons, so welcome to us all, but so demoralizing to business, are over for a time, and there is nothing to interfere with our work as soul-savers. Let us each one of us, then, take encouragement from the gracious and inspiring message that the Chief of the Staff has sent to the Salvationists of this country, and with redoubled ardor and faith go forward to justify the confidence of our leaders at the International Headquarters, and to cause joy in heaven over sinners coming home on earth. They shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, was said to the enraptured Seer on the lonely Isle of Patmos. These are our great weapons to-day. Through the blood of the Lamb we shall conquer. In this land of ours, where the minds of the people are so taken up with material things and where circumstances are so often unfavorable to holy living, thank God we can overcome all things through the Lamb that was slain. Let us, then, look to the Strong for strength and march forward for the Kingdom during 1907.

INCREASED IMMIGRATION.

Those who want to see this great country carrying an adequate population will find pleasure in the latest immigration statistics, which show that up to the end of November the immigration arrivals in Canada were 74,791, as against 49,896 for the same period of last year, a net increase of nearly fifty per cent. The increase in immigrant arrivals through ocean ports was fifty-five per cent, and from the United States thirty-nine per cent. It is probable that the population of Ontario alone has increased by 45,000. This is very satisfactory, but all things point to a much greater increase next year, at any rate the Salvation Army Immigration Department, which during 1906 brought out 15,000, is hoping during 1907 to bring out no fewer than 20,000 of the Anglo-Saxon race that small people this land of glorious possibilities and wrest comfort and prosperity from the plains, the wood, the mines, and the fisheries of Canada. We hope in an early issue to have an interview with the Commissioner as to the prospects and projects of the Salvation Army during 1907. Up to the present the Immigration Department has brought out 20,000 immigrants, not one of which has had to be deported for physical or moral unfitness.

CONSEQUENCES OF PERJURY.

"No man liveth unto himself" is a Scriptural statement and an actual fact, which has been abundantly proved in a matter that recently appeared in the Canadian papers. It appears that two women who wanted to have a greater amount of pleasure and excitement than their earnings as nurses would admit, brought a false



A HEAVY HANDICAP.

Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—Hebrews xii. 1.

charge against a doctor with a view to blackmail. They perjured themselves in the witness box and won \$700 damages, but in doing so they ruined a home, blasted reputations, fooled a jury, and forced a woman to suicide. One of these women has lately confessed to the diabolical plot, and the fearful record of undeserved suffering inflicted on innocent persons. This is one of the consequences of sin. The evil doings of the drunkard, the gambler, the immoral person, and the dishonest one, do not only inflict punishment upon themselves, but in nearly every case bring shame and suffering upon innocent and loved ones. Wrong-doer, take this fact in.

A GET-RICH-QUICK.

If there is any doubt upon the thought expressed in the foregoing it is further emphasized by the following newspaper cutting:—

"George F. Kinnear, who was found dead in a Toronto hotel, had been indicted here on several counts for fraudulent use of the mails in connection with get-rich-quick schemes. One case was settled by the payment of one thousand dollars fine. He was released on one thousand dollars bail. All trace of him was lost till it was learned to-day that he was dead in Toronto. Kinnear was related to Lord Leigh. His father was a noted Shakespearean scholar and critic. Kinnear was formerly connected with the Washington Post, and while in trouble here was furnished with money by his family in England."

"He that hasteth to be rich," says the wise man, "with an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him"—neither the shame that he will bring upon his friends evidently.

AFTER ALCOHOL.

At this time of the year, when festivities are so freely indulged in, it will be well for all to remember the danger that lurks in the wine glass, or the whiskey tumbler. The danger is not always spiritual or moral, but frequently physical. The following incident is a case in point:—

"A party was brought to a sudden close last night, owing to the death of

one of the guests in attendance. The young man was aged about twenty-three years. A coroner's jury this afternoon rendered a verdict that he came to his death from intoxication and exposure.

"It appears that the young man had been drinking ninety-five per cent. pure alcohol for some hours before his death, and that he was carried out or walked out to a barn, where he was later found in a sleigh, having died from the results of alcohol and exposure."

Victorious Campaign Commenced.

Thirty-Six Seekers at Watchnight Service.

(By Wire.)

The Vancouver corps, led on by Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton, finished up the old year and entered the new with a glorious campaign for souls.

The meetings all day on Sunday were excellent, and many souls were at the mercy seat, some good cases of conversion amongst them.

The soldiers attacked the enemy in splendid form on Monday night in the City Hall. The Watchnight Service was a season of blessing, and thirty-six seekers were registered.

The band are now out in their new uniforms, and were publicly commissioned in the City Hall, where an international meeting was also held on New Year's night with splendid success. Prospects bright for Winter Campaign.—Smeeton.

ERRATA.

We regret to say that owing to the rush during the Christmas week the Commissioner was unable to revise the proof of the interview a representative had with him, and one or two errors crept in. For instance, it was not at Vancouver that the Commissioner conversed with the two boys-prisoners; while the statement "although a billion bushels of wheat are grown," should have read "although Canada is capable of producing a billion bushels of wheat," etc.

The General's Movements.

AT NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

A Corps Opened Twenty-Eight Years Ago by Canada's Commissioner.

Over twenty-eight years ago a Christian Mission evangelist was sent to unfurl our banner in the streets of Newport, Monmouthshire. That evangelist is now known throughout the Salvation Army world as Commissioner T. B. Coombs. Of those early struggles I cannot write, except to say that from those days to this the Army chariot has rolled forward.

It was a great crowd that waited in the Temperance Hall on Saturday night for the General's arrival. Men, big and broad, were in the majority, and with shouts that almost shook the building they gave him a welcome.

The Lyceum Theatre, whose stage the General occupied on Sunday, is built upon the site of the old burnt-down Victoria Hall, used by Commissioner Coombs long ago. It is a roomy place, and will accommodate two thousand people.

From King to Peasant Child.

At the afternoon gathering J. L. Coombs, Esq., occupied the chair, and was supported by several J. P.'s, Aldermen, Councillors, and other influential gentlemen.

The chairman has a warm heart towards the General. In his remarks he said that from the king to the peasant-child in her homely cot, all do honor to General Booth and his co-workers.

Alderman T. H. Howells said over thirty years ago he was up the Rhondda Valley, and called upon a colliery proprietor, and asked him his opinion of the Army. He said:—

"A few months ago I had several men working in my pit, and without doubt they were of the worst possible type. They were cruel to their wives, and cruel to their children; but to-day they are the best workmen in my colliery."

"From that hour," said the Alderman, "I have not doubted the work of the Salvation Army."

The General Fills the Gap.

Deputy-Major Clifford Phillips said he had been sitting there by the side of the Chief Constable, who knew the town well, and he was sure he was safe in saying that if the Salvation Army would continue its work in the future as it had in the past, it would do even greater things in our midst. "I am not a politician," he added, "but it strikes me that the Government may come and the Government may go! General Booth is filling the gap!" (Loud applause.)

Need I repeat once more that the General knows but one business—the conversion of the people? For this he labored and fought, warning the multitudes by passages given him of God. Ere he sank back into his chair in the Sunday night meeting, I cannot but believe that not a man, woman, or child in the house but knew what they ought to do to save souls.

Soul-saving is hard work in this part of the country, and on the present occasion, resistance was of a determined character. But we refused to surrender, cried to Omnipotence for help, and finally rejoiced over seventy converts to our King.—John Lawley, Colonel.

To the General.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING
FROM THE DOMINION
TROOPS.

A Great Audience Cheer the
General.

At the crowded Watchnight Service in the Toronto Temple the entire audience, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, expressed to the Commissioner their will that a New Year's message should be sent to the General.

The Commissioner accordingly tabled the following message to our beloved leader:—

"Canadian soldiery wish you a Happy New Year. Pledge loyalty and devotion. Remain in Canada as long as you can."

God bless the General!

The Chief of the Staff

CONGRATULATES THE SAL-
VATION ARMY IN CANADA.

An Inspiring Message.

On New Year's Day Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, on behalf of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland, received the following inspiring message from Mr. Bramwell South, the Chief of the Staff:

"Congratulations, 1908.

"Confidence, 1907.

"These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them: for He is the Lord of lords and King of kings, and they that are with Him are called Chosen and Faithful.—Rev. xvii. 14."

Glor to God for the Army! Let every officer, soldier, and recruit get into the fighting line for the Winter Campaign.

The Biter Bit.

THE ONE WHO WAS THE REAL
CULPRIT.

The Army has recently won a victory at Stuttgart, where the work is somewhat difficult. The officer was summoned by a Professor, who complained that the Army's singing disturbed him. Of course, as in most cases, he was supported by several witnesses, but in the end the case was decided in our favor. During the hearing Brigadier Treitel, the Divisional Officer, offered to let the Captain sing in court in order to demonstrate the flexibility of her voice, but the judge smilingly objected to this, and no little amusement was created. A policeman was sent to see if our people sang with the windows open, and if much noise was made. At this very moment the Professor was making a great disturbance consequent upon the Army's singing, and the policeman returned with the report that the Salvation Army was quiet enough in the main, but it was the Professor himself who was the real culprit.

A Captain of a famous regiment of Spanish Infantry has recently written to the Foreign Office for information with a view to becoming a soldier of the Salvation Army, for which he expresses the utmost admiration.

LAUNCHING OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

The Commissioner Conducts a Crowded
Watch-Night Service at the Temple.

SIGNING THE CAMPAIGN COVENANT.



SPLENDID audience, one that crowded the body of the Temple and occupied every part of the gallery, faced the Commissioner as he walked on to the platform to conduct the Watchnight Service and to launch the Winter Campaign.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire gave out the opening song, and from the first a beautiful spirit of reverent, earnest waiting upon God characterized the gathering.

Amongst those who publicly prayed for God's blessing was Major Stanyon, an old Canadian officer, over from New York.

The Male Quartette sang with their usual feeling the song, "Lead us higher up the mountain," after which the Commissioner read a portion of the 84th Psalm—eight verses in all—illuminated with comments, flashes of humor, and striking thoughts that gave this well-known Psalm of David a freshness and force which was most invigorating.

Capital Texts.

Each verse, said the Commissioner, afforded a splendid text, and called on all to "bless the Lord" that night, as we each had many things to be thankful for, and that no doubt each had done his or her share of complaining; those who had not complained he asked to stand up, and he would have them put in a glass case. All maintained a sitting position. Let us all utter more praises and blessings was the Commissioner's injunction.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord," afforded a text for a most little homily on the necessity of acknowledging God and confessing Christ.

"Magnify the Lord with me," said the psalmist. We did not make enough of Christ, said the Commissioner, and sent home the question like a feathered dart, "What think ye of Christ?" Many people thought a great deal more of themselves than they did of their Saviour, and much more of their circumstances than of God's Kingdom.

He delivered me from all my fears—from fear to speak for Christ, fear to confess Him in the home, or to raise the family altar.

"Saved him out of all his troubles," "got him on top of his troubles jubilantly declared the Commissioner. That's the place to be—not snowed under, but on top.

No Selfishness.

"Taste and see," was a phrase that enabled the Commissioner to have a ding at that class of selfish souls who give utterance to such sentiments as "Canada for the Canadians," etc., forgetting the fact that they themselves had only been in the country for five minutes, and who would monopolize the whole of this bounteous land for themselves. The audience audibly enjoyed the rebuke.

Then followed a time of heart-felt prayer by persons from all over the hall. Spontaneous soul-outpourings that the last moments of the year should effect eternal destinies. We

believe God heard and answered these petitions.

After the Temple Band had rendered "Lead, kindly light," the Commissioner once again stood at the reading desk with Bible in hand to ask the audience that direct question which Barzillai put to King Saul, "How long have I to live?" and in a most searching manner the Commissioner gave reasons why those present, as Christians, should ask themselves that question in the solemn time of the old year's passing. It was necessary in order that we might make the best use of the time that is before us. The soldier, backslider and sinner were all provided with cogent reasons why they should ask themselves the question, "How long have I to live?" The Commissioner told how that day he had received a telegram saying that a gentleman with whom he had one business, a short time before had passed away, and how that after reading the message Mrs. Coombs had remarked, "I am so glad you spoke to him about his soul." The Commissioner then touchingly related the circumstances, and how the man spoken to, with tears coursing down his cheeks, had thanked the Commissioner for his words and his prayers. Then followed a touching appeal to those present to look after the souls of their relatives, their children, and other friends.

A Pointed Question.

"What about your past life? How have you lived this year?" were questions that beat upon the brain and sank into the heart amidst a death-like silence as the Commissioner poured out his soul with lava-like fervor.

The Commissioner then called upon those who desired to have the blessing of a clean heart, or to consecrate themselves for officership, to stand. All over the building they rose, and with bowed heads and solemn feelings the audience watched the passing of the old year and the coming of the new.

Then when the tooting of horns, ringing of bells, and the shouting of the great revellers showed that the New Year had come, the congregation sang with soulful feeling, "Take my poor heart."

On every seat had been placed a neat little card containing the form of a covenant to be entered into in connection with the Winter Campaign.

Brigadier Taylor, after explaining that all those who agreed to make the covenant should sign the card and hand it to a Cadet, informed the audience that they would later be supplied with a new covenant card, which would bear the Commissioner's autograph as a witness to their contract with God.

The Covenant.

Brigadier Taylor then read the covenant, which was in these terms:—

"Out of gratitude to God for the mercies vouchsafed to me during the past year, and awakened to the wicked and wretched condition of men and women around; with willing heart, I here and now, for the

glory of my Saviour, pledge myself with all I possess, to make the Salvation of souls the first great purpose of my life, and during 1907 will endeavor:

1. To bring ten new people to the meetings.
2. To be personally instrumental in the Salvation of one soul.
3. To attend the 7 a.m. knee-drill when possible.
4. To spend at least five minutes each day in special prayer for the Salvation of souls.
5. To attend as many holiness meetings as possible.

Signed, in the strength of God, in the presence of my comrades, in the Commissioner's Watchnight Service.

The Commissioner then made reference to the approaching visit of the General, and with the utmost warmth the congregation signified their will that the Commissioner cable our beloved General a New Year's message from that meeting.

A Pleading Incident.

Another pleading incident took place. The Montreal I. Band, with most commendable comradely feeling, sent this message to the Commissioner and Temple comrades assembled at the Watchnight Service:—

"Montreal I. Band wish you and Territorial Staff a happy and prosperous New Year. God bless you all.—Yours saved to serve in the war."

The service concluded with the doxology. A most blessed and spiritual time marked the passing of the old year.

Five Hundred Poor Children

HAVE A CHRISTMAS FEAST IN THE TEMPLE,
TORONTO.

The Toronto Globe thus describes the Army's Christmas feast to poor children:—

"Nearly five hundred children from the poorest of Toronto's families were given a New Year's dinner by the Salvation Army in the Temple building yesterday afternoon. Commissioner Coombs presided, and the Temple Band provided music for the occasion. Besides the substantial dinner, a Santa Claus entertainment was provided, and each child received a present, some nuts and candy. Souvenir handkerchiefs, bearing the picture of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, were also distributed.

"The scene of happiness was one calculated to touch the hardest heart, and tears welled up in many eyes as they witnessed the joy and enthusiasm of the children, many of them ill-clad and unwashed.

The Commissioner, addressing the little ones, said in a recent visit he paid to our Children's Home, he asked a little crippled boy there, named Harry, to sing a song for him. Harry at once struck up, "Jesus knows all about our struggles."

"Now I want everyone here to join in singing that chorus," said the Commissioner, and it was taken up by the whole assembly, and sung with much spirit.

"He knows all about you, you me, to sure," continued the Commissioner. "He knows when you are naughty, He knows when you are good, He knows when you speak the truth, He knows when you tell a lie, and a great many of you do that. You see I know you so well. Now is the time to cease to be naughty, and in the strength of God try to be good."

A present for each child was then given away by Santa Claus, and the little guests departed feeling that they had had a real good time, and had begun the New Year in a most enjoyable manner.

The Week-End's Despatches.

Christmas Festivities Among the Corps.

A UNIQUE NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION.

NEW BARRACKS AT MEDICINE HAT.

Christmas in the Old Land.

A Great Stride Forward.

New Year's Day at Lippincott was celebrated by the band in great style. A supper and concert had been arranged, and a very special part of the program was a sketch entitled "Christmas in the Old Land." Brigadier Collier acted as chairman and kept things going lively. A cornet solo by the daughter of one of the bandmen, was rather a novelty.

On the platform a red house had been built, and around this the chief interest centred in the scenes which followed. The town band first made its appearance. They were a respectable looking lot and a disgrace to any town, and were greeted with a jug of cold water. Then a poor woman and her little child appeared. It was a very pathetic conversation that took place and many touching incidents were brought in. Now the Salvation Army band comes on a smart, smart Christmas message. Being invited into the house, their attention is attracted by the moans of the poor woman, who had lain down outside, and upon discovery she is helped inside and taken care of.

It was a very effective sketch, and well carried out.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

Plenty of Fun.

On Dec. 18th a Christmas entertainment was held at Ingersoll, which proved very successful. The best musical talent of the town came to the assistance of the corps, and the hall was packed. Misses Moyer and Mitchell helped to drill the children and their piano selections were heartily encored. A striking and beautiful scene was the building of the cross. A musical quartet, consisting of guitars, mouth-organ, and bones was much appreciated. The arrival of Santa Claus closed a pleasant evening. —Aimee Kennedy.

MANY MOVED TO TEARS.

Capt. McLeenan and Lieut. Addy have been in charge of St. Stephen's for the last four months, and God has honored their labors by the Salvation of souls.

On Sunday night two young men knelt at the penitent form seeking Jesus. On Christmas night there were seven at the mercy seat, while many in the audience were moved to tears. —W.

WELL ATTENDED ENTERTAINMENT.

During the past week one soul has surrendered to God at Palmerston.

Our Christmas entertainment was well attended, though our program was somewhat shortened owing to several juniors being absent through sickness. —Irish Molly.

NINE SOUGHT SALVATION.

Capt. Moulton and Lieut. Jones have arrived at Heart's Delight full of love for God and souls.

Since their arrival nine souls have sought salvation, and two have claimed the blessing of holiness.

CANDIDATE FAREWELLS.

Candidate Woodland has farewelled from Greenspod for the Training Garrison at St. John's. Two years ago he got saved, and has since been a faithful soldier of the corps.

Several comrades spoke words of farewell at the meeting, and our prayers go with him that he shall win many souls. —J. W. C. R.

TWO ENROLLED.

Lieut. Hayhoe is in charge at Burk's Falls and things are on the upgrade. We had the joy of seeing two comrades enrolled under the flag recently, and also rejoiced over a soul at the mercy seat. —C. C.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT THE TEMPLE.

A Powerful Talk.

Some bright and lively meetings were held at the Temple on the 25th. Quite a good crowd gathered in the Jubilee Hall at night, and a number of thrilling testimonies were given by old soldiers as well as recent converts. They all rejoiced over the fact that Christmas was a truly happy season to them now, and not marked by the dissolute behavior and worldly follies by which they kept it up in former years.

Adj. McElheney gave a powerful talk on the purposes of our Saviour's birth. "He came that we might have life," was his text, and he drove the truth home to the consciences of his hearers by the aid of the Holy Spirit.

One sister sought for spiritual life during the prayer meeting, and a poor drunk was led to the penitent form by an officer who was present. They prayed with him for some time, and afterwards sent him around to the Metropole for the night.

WEDDING AT YORKVILLE.

Brigadier Taylor Performs the Ceremony.

We had an enrolment of soldiers at Yorkville last Sunday, and on the first Sunday of the New Year we are going to have another.

On Dec. 19th a Hallelujah Wedding took place in St. Paul's Hall. The contracting parties were Brother Wm. Rigby and Sister Kaufner. Brother Roberts acted as groomsmen and Sister Dolphin as bridesmaid. The wedding ceremony is performed by Brigadier Taylor, and the Temple band provided plenty of good music for the occasion. It was an all-round success, and the proceeds were added to the building fund. —J. E. J., for Captain Meader and Lieut. Thompson.

GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We are pleased to report that God is blessing and saving at Winnipeg. Lieut. Capt. Combs is back at the front again, for which we praise God.

On Sunday Major and Mrs. Creighton were with us. Mrs. Creighton spoke with great earnestness and power, and many hearts were moved, while two sought the Saviour.

On Monday a great musical festival was given by the band, which was much enjoyed by all present.

A BROTHER ENROLLED.

After the soldiers' meeting at Galt had been closed on Tuesday night a poor backslider who had been very miserable for some time past came and asked God's forgiveness.

On Saturday one brother was enrolled under the Army flag. Good meetings were held on Sunday and Christmas music was played all day. —Maurice.

BAND BOOMED CRYS.

The Christmas War Cry went like hot cakes at Point St. Charles. Our energetic P. S.-M. Weaver, with his band of boomers, sold them all out by Dec. 22nd. The corps took \$75. Bandmaster Smith, with several of the bandmen, boomed them on the streets.

Four souls came to the cross last week. —Pilgrim.

THE CHILDREN GETTING SAVED.

On Sunday afternoon at Wetskiwin fourteen children gave their hearts to God, and two warriors came home. The Christmas Tree proved a great success. —Henry.

HOW SALVATIONISTS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We regret to say that on account of the holidays a great many corps reports have been held over, but will duly appear next week.

RE-OPENING OF LONDON CITADEL.

City Councillors and Clergy Present.

London citadel was re-opened on Thursday, Dec. 27th. Mayor Judd presided, and many representatives of the city council and clergy were present. Much sympathy and appreciation of our work was expressed.

The Christmas Tree on Friday was a great success. The citadel was crowded, and a good program was given. Santa Claus came in at the finish, and made many little ones happy.

The week-end meetings were conducted by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hay. Splendid crowds gathered and much interest was manifested. The Lieut.-Colonel was divinely upheld, and gave some very powerful addresses. The crowd came out for the blessing of holiness, and eleven sought Salvation.

Comrades and friends are delighted with citadel improvements, and are determined to make 1907 the best yet. —Hobkirk.

BRANTFORD BAND ON TOUR.

A Good, Rousing Time.

Staff-Capt. McLean and Adj. Bloss, accompanied by the Brantford Silver Band, recently visited Norwich for a great musical festival.

Two souls sought the blessing of holiness at the Sunday morning meeting, and a good, rousing time was experienced in the afternoon. The hall was packed at night, and we rejoiced over the souls seeking God. Captain Annapaul farewelled at this meeting. God has blessed his stay here and many souls have been converted. —T. T. S., for Lieut. McCaffrey.

GETTING INTO UNIFORM.

We are having great victories at Newcastle. During the past five weeks seventy souls have knelt at the mercy seat. The converts are getting into uniform, and the soldiers are working in unity. Great interest has been aroused in the town. On Sunday no more there were twenty-four at the mercy seat. Capt. White and Lieut. Winchester are in charge, and they are proving hard-working blood-and-fire soldiers.

CROWD CAME TO HEAR LECTURE.

Quite a crowd came out on Monday night to hear Capt. Wood of Palmerston give his lecture entitled, "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." The Capt. handled the delicate subject in a most masterly manner, and kept his hearers interested from start to finish. The interest in the work here is increasing and we are all praying and believing for a great revival in Listowel.

FIFTEEN AT THE MERCY SEAT.

During the past few weeks we have seen fifteen at the mercy seat at Carleton Place. We had a splendid time at Christmas Tree, with a good program and a full house. Everyone was delighted with the service. We are going in to do our best during the Winter Campaign for God and souls.

THREE SOULS CONVERTED.

We are having good times at Hillsboro. Three souls have been converted and are now walking in the increase. The finances are also well up, and we are believing for great things this coming year. —G. A. Morris.

On Dec. 18th we opened the Salvation Army barracks at Medicine Hat, a brand new building all our own. For some years past our comrades have been put to all sorts of inconveniences for want of a proper barracks of their own, having been first in one sort of a building and then another, and out into the open-air as well.

Adj. Lacey having completed the new building, things ran high for the opening. Quite a large crowd of soldiers turned out, and after a lively open-air meeting we marched off to the new hall, which was beautifully lighted and heated with natural gas. After a short service at the door the building was declared open for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. It was indeed a lovely sight, all nicely seated with new chairs throughout. Soon the spacious room was filled, the singing S. A. soldiers and Army friends.

A lively dedication service was soon in progress, and then came the offering. It was just a year and a day since the new barracks at Wetskiwin had been opened, and Ensign Charlton was in and heated with natural gas. Now she is at Medicine Hat, and it was a question if the offering would compete with Wetskiwin or fall short of it. Things looked rather serious for a time, but after some persuading, it was announced that Wetskiwin was beaten, over one hundred dollars being raised. This brought out a ringing volley, and then we settled down to business—the Salvation of the people. Ensign Charlton and Adj. Lacey both gave a brief address, after which we went into the prayer meeting. Several asked for prayer, but none yielded to the Spirit. There are great things in store for the Army at Medicine Hat, and we believe that are long there will be many souls coming to Jesus. —Adj. Lacey.

GLACE BAY'S ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Painting the Barracks.

The eleven anniversary of the Salvation Army in Glace Bay was recently celebrated, the meetings being conducted by Brigadier Turner.

Capt. Cavender was with us for the week-end and gave us a nice lantern service. Capt. White was also around with a good stock of Christmas Trade Goods.

On Christmas night we had a packed citadel. Sergt.-Major McPherson did well as regards the program he had prepared, and the children much enjoyed themselves.

The citadel has been painted both inside and out, and looks well. —Sticker.

WHAT THE POST SAYS.

The Special Edition of the War Cry is a Credit to that Journal.

The Christmas number of the War Cry, the well known organ of the Salvation Army, a copy of which reached the Post this morning, is a neat piece of work, brimful of interesting news both to those who are members of that body and to the layman outside who enjoys good, wholesome reading during a leisure hour. The number contains twenty-six pages, is profusely illustrated, and is accompanied by a fine halftone cut representing the great virtue, "Charity." —Sydney Daily Post.

PLATFORM CROWDED.

Nine Souls Surrender.

The interest is deepening at Haffner and we are unitedly praying for a revival. The week-end meetings were led by Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave. There were fifty on the march Sunday night, and the platform was crowded with soldiers in the inside meeting. Nine souls surrendered, making fifteen for the week-end. Our finances are doubled and the barracks packed to the doors. —C. C. Miller.

Brigadier Turner in Bermuda.

SIXTY-NINE FOR PARDON AND CLEANSING.

For some weeks the visit of our P. O. had been announced from press and platform, and a very elaborate program had been arranged. Great enthusiasm prevailed and expectations ran high; in fact, everyone looked forward to a season of blessing and inspiration.

Owing to stormy weather, the boat did not arrive until Sunday morning, but the brass band, with the senior and junior corps and a host of friends had assembled on the wharf to welcome the Brigadier and escort him to the hall.

A Spiritual Feast was Enjoyed at the holiness meeting which followed. The chorus, "Like a mighty sea," caught on well, and one soul surrendered to God.

The afternoon meeting took the form of a welcome demonstration. On behalf of the Juniors the J. S. S.-M. assured the Brigadier of the warm-heartedness of the children and their workers. Bro. Trot, speaking for the friends of the Army, said that they held a very prominent place in the hearts of the people of Bermuda. The Sergeant-Major, P. S.-M., and Bandmaster also spoke words of welcome, in general saying that the soldiers and handmen would do their best to make the visit of the P. O. a success. After a brief reply

Little Clifford Trickey was dedicated to God and the Army by the Brigadier.

The Brigadier's address on the judgment was very powerful and convincing, and when the prayer meeting started the people came forward in twos and threes until twenty-seven knelt at the mercy seat.

On Monday the Brigadier delivered a lecture, entitled "Mental Gymnastics," at the little corps of Southampton. It was very interesting and helpful, and many souls came to the cross.

A very bright meeting was held at St. George's the following day.

On Wednesday afternoon an Officers' Council was held, and we received much help and blessing through the Brigadier's talk on his experience in Army warfare.

At night

A Great Demonstration

was held in the Mechanics' Hall at Hamilton. The building was packed, and Major James energized the work of the Army in glowing terms. The Brass Band, St. George's String Band, and Hamilton Junior Drill Troupe ably assisted in the program, and the Brigadier gave a splendid address on the operations of the Salvation Army.

A special meeting was held at Somerset on Thursday. Capt. Emery led a bright, lively testimony meeting, and we enjoyed a good Salvation talk from the Brigadier.

A Special Holiness Meeting was held at Hamilton on Friday. The hall was packed, and we felt the presence of God in great power. Many souls surrendered.

The Hamilton Band traveled with the Brigadier to the different corps, and rendered great assistance with their praying as well as playing.

The total results of the campaign were sixty-nine at the cross for pardon or cleansing. Officers and soldiers were much cheered and blessed, and our friends were drawn in closer contact with the Army.



HE FAILED THEM NOT.

An Emigrant's Story.

BILL COMPTON was a sober, respectable, hard-working laborer, and a good Salvationist in the bargain.

Things ought to have gone well with him; but they didn't, somehow. Perhaps in order to perfect his spiritual experience God saw it was necessary to pass His servant through the crucible of suffering and disappointment.

He came home from work, anyhow, one day, to find his wife with her babe in her arms sitting on the kerbstone outside their little home, and crying bitterly.

"What's the matter, Sal, my girl," said Bill, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster up, though a great fear was in his heart.

"Oh dear, oh dear! What shall we do?" sobbed the woman. "The brokers have turned us out of house and home, and all they left was a pillow for baby, which one of the men threw at me as they drove away."

A Sudden Blow.

Poor Bill was at his wife's end. He had not expected the blow to fall so suddenly, though he knew he was somewhat behind in his monthly payments. He had bargained some time previously to buy a furnished house on the instalment plan, but through many unforeseen circumstances he had been unable to come up to the agreement.

Now he was left without a stick to call his own. It was the way of the world, and Bill was forced to submit to it.

"Never mind, lass," he finally managed to blurt out; "let us go up to London and see what the Salvation Army can do for us. I hear they help destitute people, and God knows we're needy enough, and we're their own people, too. They'll not refuse us assistance."

So they tramped all the long, weary way to London, finding shelter and food as best they could, and one drizzling afternoon they arrived in the great city.

Stated Their Case.

Tired and footsore, hungry and homeless, they enquired the way to the nearest Shelter and stated their case to the officer in charge.

"Mrs. Compton must go to the Women's Shelter until you can obtain employment and find rooms somewhere," was the advice that officer gave to the unfortunate couple. It was given in a kindly manner, with the object of showing that the Army is always willing to help people by showing them how to help themselves—thus preserving their spirit of independence and making them feel that they are not mere objects of doled out charity.

So Mrs. Compton and the baby went to the Shelter and Bill was given temporary employment at the Army Bakery.

One day a message came for Bill to go round and see his wife immediately and try to console her. Not knowing what was the matter, he rushed around to the Shelter and found his wife nearly heart-broken over the sad circumstances in which she was placed.

"I can't stand it no longer, Bill," she sobbed, as she clung to his shoulder. "Take me away from here. I'll go anywhere rather than stop here another night. These horrid, dirty old women are dreadful—they swear, and drink, and smoke. Oh, I can't stop here any longer."

"Don't take on so, Sal," replied Bill, though his own heart was nearly in his boots. "The God who has watched over us and provided for all our wants so far surely cares for us still, and will help us over these dark times."

Strong Faith.

Thus amidst the most discouraging circumstances the faith of this Salvationist soldier in the unflinching goodness of God remained unshaken, and under the most trying conditions possible he was able to look up and see victory ahead. Had he not learnt to trust God in the days when he prospered he would have had nothing to fall back upon in this hour of trial, but now he rested securely in the promises of the Bible and cheered and encouraged his wife by repeating some of them to her.

"Hasn't God said that He would never leave us or forsake us. Sal?" he said. "Let us trust Him then, and not give way to doubts."

That evening he was enabled to obtain a miserable little garret for a small payment, and once more the husband and wife dwelt together. It was a poor enough lodging, but the joy of being in each other's company once again made them as happy as if it was a mansion, and as they knelt together over their frugal supper that evening they truly thanked God for His goodness to them.

In Canada.

Not long after this the way opened for them to go to Canada, and so they sailed over the ocean to a new land and a new life. Their cup of sorrow was not yet quite full, however, for on the day they arrived in the Dominion their little child died in its mother's arms.

With breaking hearts they followed the little coffin to the cemetery, and then bravely set out to make a home for themselves in the land they had come to live in, still sustained by their faith in an ever-merciful and all-wise Father, and believing that it was all for the best, though they saw His purposes but dimly through the tears that bedimmed the view.

Bill and his wife are now prosperous and hard-working soldiers of the little Salvation Army corps they attend. God has blessed them with another little child, who fills the place of the one who was transplanted to the Eden above, and makes the cheerful, snug home of this happy couple bright with her presence.

They do not believe in getting homes on the instalment plan now, and as Bill proudly points to his nicely-furnished house he feels a great satisfaction in knowing that it is his own, and that no brokers can ever turn him out of it, for he is now a free, independent and prosperous citizen of Canada, and very thankful to God and the Salvation Army for ever bringing him to such a country.

Glimpse at the World

CANADIAN.

The Legislature will meet on January 24th.

The Province has spent \$220,650 on roads in northern Ontario this year.

Carberry, Man., is in the pinch of the fuel famine, the town being almost without coal.

The Georgian Bay Power Company are building a 560-foot tunnel at Eugenia Falls.

Railroads in Canada spent last year about \$22,000,000 in construction work and equipment.

Truro, N.S., is suffering from a serious flood, the water in many cases reaching to the second story windows.

Mr. James Cambooy, of Mountain Grove, was shot and killed by his grandson, who was practising with a rifle.

Windsor Model School made a record in the recent examinations, every one of the forty-seven students obtaining a certificate.

The Canadian Northern Railway has filed plans in Ottawa for several new lines in Western Ontario, including one from Toronto to Windsor.

A resolution passed by the Toronto branch of the Navy League suggests that Canada should take part in the naval defence of the British Empire.

It has been discovered that the chimney of the Harris dwelling, at Niagara Falls, was completely choked with soot, which explains how the family was suffocated.

There was almost a repetition of the Niagara Falls tragedy at Thorold, when four members of Mr. Daniel Springer's household were rendered unconscious by gas escaping from the coal stove, the chimney being choked with soot.

FOREIGN.

The total wealth of Great Britain is estimated at \$9,188,559,554.

The Bishop of Badajoz has offered an asylum for sick or aged French priests.

The British Admiralty have decided to fit all new battleships with turbine engines.

Count Ignatieff, ex-Governor of Kiev, was shot and killed at Tver by a revolutionist.

Zion City is to be sold. Many of the creditors are facing the winter in absolute poverty.

Seven Mexicans and one American were killed near Valencia, Mexico, by a band of Yaqui Indians.

Socialists at Lodz, Russia, have threatened that they will compel citizens to feed and lodge the unemployed.

A twelve-year-old girl in New York the other day battered in a door with an axe and rescued two children from a burning house.

The biggest gold nuggets seen in Australia in forty years were discovered the other day near Zarnagulla, in Victoria. One weighs 373 and one 367 ounces.

The rebellion in Kiangsu, China, has been crushed, but five million destitute persons are said to be encamped at Tsin-kianen, while many have arrived at Nanjing.

The British Government has announced to Parliament that a full responsible Government, similar to that given the Transvaal, will be conferred on the Orange River Colony.

A rain of ashes from Vesuvius again sent the poor people of the district into a panic for fear of an eruption, but it proved only the dust from the caving-in of a bit of crater.

The appointment of Mr. James Bryce, the late Chief Secretary of Ireland, to be ambassador at Washington, in succession to Sir Mortimer Durand, is now admitted by Mr. Bryce himself.

"Passive resistance" has reached the Post Office Department in Austria, and twenty-five thousand men and women employees have decided to block the mail by implicit obedience to the letter but in long obedience to their very inadequate wages are raised to a living point.

The Indian National Congress has expressed indignation that Hindoos are denied the right of citizenship in the Transvaal.

How I Saw the Sultan of Turkey.

The Story of How an American Cartoonist Drew the Only Portrait Ever Made of the Sultan.



R. HOMER DAVENPORT, a famous American cartoonist, tells in the *Woman's Home Companion* the story of how he drew the only portrait of the Sultan of Turkey that has ever been made. According to Davenport the alleged portraits of the Sultan that appear from time to time are really photographs of his brothers. How he managed to sketch the Sultan is interestingly told. He says, concerning a visit to a religious function:

"We were hurried to the scene of action in two carriages, accompanied by officers wrapped in gold braid. We passed line after line of saluting soldiers, and members of brass bands who were making their way in our direction. Finally we came to outposts where few were permitted to

all the eager longing and excitement attending an opportunity to get a picture which nobody else in the world had ever made. And I had only a moment to do it in. I was afraid my eyes would not register. Suppose a smarting fly—and there are many of them in Constantinople—should get in my eye for just that brief moment; suppose I should sneeze!

"Well, I just stood there in that open window overlooking that scene of gorgeous ceremony and riotous color, and looked and looked at the frail little man in the carriage. I did not miss a line of his features. To take out sketching pad and pencil would have been fatal. Spies stood back of us watching every motion of our hands.

A Time Exposure.

"The carriage passed slowly, and I had what a photographer would call a 'time exposure.' It could not have been more than two minutes, but it seemed as many hours.

"The fat, playful horses pranced past, the carriage rolled on, and the Sultan disappeared from view, but I knew I had succeeded. It is queer how I felt so certain. The proof came to me in the form of a shivery, trembling sensation. I have had this same trembling sensation every time I have made a remarkably good portrait.

"My impressions of the Sultan are vivid. To me he is after all just a man, enjoying, I should say, the best of health possible under such conditions. Unconsciously he rather shrank from the gaze of so many hungry eyes, though in his shrinking attitude he seemed to bear a kindly expression, mingled with a certain degree of fear.

A Family Man.

"As his carriage came to the mosque the generals fairly bowed to the ground while the Sultan climbed out as most men of sixty-five would. His children greeted him, and he turned to admire the smaller one. Standing, he is below the average in stature, slightly bent



The Sultan's children greeted him and he turned to admire the smaller one. After he had ascended three steps he came back to again meet them. All this in a most fatherly manner.

at the shoulders. He was fatherly to his jubilant children; he turned after he had gotten up three steps and came back one step to again meet them, and I thought when I saw this care for his children, no matter what crimes have been charged to his expressionless soldiers, his army and his leaders were



"Back of the carriage walked several ill-shaped, gaunt, long-legged black beings, looking more like educated apes than species of men. They were the royal eunuchs."

possibly more to blame than this kindly old family man.

"But how to make the picture which I had come all these thousands of miles for. Our first effort was to get out of the palace as quickly as possible. It would be necessary for us to get quite some miles away, as we were already looked upon by the Turkish spies as men sent by the United States to investigate the Armenian trouble.

"But after twenty minutes' ride from the palace, Moore suggested that I should not risk going further, that I ought to draw the impressions of this remarkable old gentleman before anything faded from my memory. So, still in my carriage, guarded by these two big, stalwart young men, I made the picture, which pleased us beyond expression. I knew instinctively I had caught something that made my drawing of him, not of an idealized Sultan. The boys at once said it was a fine likeness. There was nobody looking, so I had time to finish it then and there, just as it is reproduced in connection with this article.

A Good Likeness.

"Everybody who saw the picture said that it was a good likeness of the Sultan. Even the way the left eyebrow seemed to go over the temple was there. And the haunting expression of fear. One of the Embassy secretaries said that he did not see how I had been able to get in that brief moment all the characteristics of the face.

"I showed the sketch to an official who is very near to the Sultan, a man who had known him intimately for forty years. After I had placed the sketch in his hands, and he was still looking at it minutely, I began to get nervous. It dawned on me all at once and if this man said that the picture was not a good likeness, then my confidence in it would be destroyed; that if I listened to suggestions, it would be lost. This would be fatal, as it was one of those peculiar circumstances where I could not go back to the Sultan and ask him to hold his chin up a little higher so that I could make a drawing. In a moment this friend, who was to criticize the picture, closed the book and handed it to me with a whisper that it was "the Sultan, the only picture of the Sultan ever made. You have even got his uneasy look, his look of fear, and it is over known that you have got this picture your visit to the Ottoman Empire will be a sad one." He implored us not to write to America that I had let it even to cable to the editor that our trip had been successful, but to keep it always in an inside pocket tightly buttoned. He himself put it away in my inner coat pocket."

The picture was secured by being hidden in a bale of hay.

A Chat with Our Readers.

Our Serial Story is concluded in this issue. We hear from all sides that it has been read with unabated interest. It certainly is a striking story, and a remarkable example of what the grace of God can accomplish in the case of a deep-dyed sinner. We are arranging for the writing of a serial story that will deal with Canadian rural life, and will, without doubt, be of absorbing interest. Our next issue will contain the first of a series—not a serial.

There is no City in the World like London. We do not mean London, Ont., but London, Eng. Its busy life by day and night, its picturesque types, its human interest, its exuberant gaiety, its fat black sorrow, its poverty, its riches, its vastness and variety make it unique in the cities of the world and the history of man.

Everything depends upon the Point of View, and London has many viewpoints. Shelly wrote—

"Hell is a city like London—A populous, smoky city; There are all sorts of people undone, And there is little or no fun done. Small justice shown, and still less pity."

On the other hand, William Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge at sunrise, wrote thus as he stood—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair; Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its majesty: This city now doth, like a garment, wear The beauty of the morning; silent, bare. Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie. Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

Dear God, the very houses seem to nod, And all that mighty heart is lying still."

So much for the Poets' View Point. A War Cry writer has his—he has viewed London from many sides, by day and by night, on holidays and working days, in sunshine and black winter, and next week he will commence a series of graphic sketches of London, which we venture to say will be read with the greatest interest. The first of the series will be entitled "London by Night." Be sure and get next week's War C.j.

We should like to Direct the Attention of our Readers, who are heads of households, to the Young Soldier, the Salvation Army's paper for children. It consists of twelve pages, is prettily illustrated, and we have no doubt will afford abundant interest to the little ones during the long winter evenings which are before us.

In order to Sharpen the Wits of the boys and girls, we have incorporated a number of puzzles and tests of skill, for which we shall give rewards. If you have not yet seen a copy of the new Young Soldier, ask the officer for one, and if you like it get it regularly for your children. If, however, you should not happen to be a family man, but have little friends, why give them a subscription for the Young Soldier.

At the recent Government Examination at the Army Girls' School at Etowah, India, the whole of the children passed and did exceedingly in every way.



The Sultan.

(The only real portrait ever brought out of Turkey.)

pass, but we drove on and on, through line after line of guards. The fences and gates seemed to wear a heavier plate of gold, and we presently arrived at the wing of the palace facing the street.

The Sultan's Daughters.

"After a little time a partially closed vehicle came up the steep hill, with guards at the side. In this carriage we saw two women with veils over their heads, and by them were sitting two girls, perhaps fifteen or less. They peered at the visitors on the verandah and in the windows of the palace; they seemed curious to see what things looked like outside of the three great walls. It is whispered that they are princesses, daughters of the Sultan, and that the others are women of the harem. Back of this carriage walked six ill-shaped, gaunt, long-legged, black beings, looking more like educated apes than species of men. Their hands were awkward, and their feet were long and vulgarly flat. All they did was to smile and follow the carriage like coach-dogs. Even their long black frock coats had a disagreeable swing. They were the royal eunuchs, and when they spoke it was in a high tenor voice, although not musical by any means.

An Exciting Moment.

"In the carriage, saluting in an automatic way, rode the Sultan. It was the supreme moment, and I had all the focus of an artist who feels that the chance of a lifetime has arrived, and the result either will be successful or a ghastly failure. I experienced

"What the Law Could Not Do."

OUR SERIAL STORY.

Chapter XI.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

Charles Overton is a living witness to the fact that brutality is not remedial, for, in spite of the degradation and hardships to which he was subjected on account of his efforts to escape, he still persisted in them, and in giving the world as much trouble as he possibly could. He was, therefore, regarded as one of the most hopeless, desperate, and irreconcilable characters in the prison.

One day the Deputy-Governor of the jail entered his cell. This officer was one of those who believe in the power of the Gospel, and, with a desire to do this poor, sinful soul good, told him faithfully of God's mercy, and left him this passage of Scripture ringing in his ears: "Verily I say unto you that

The Hour is Come,

and now is, when the deed shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear it shall live."

What it exactly meant Charles could not then say; but he was to learn later.

A short time afterwards, he was sent to Portland. Now, in this settlement were two men who great desire to regain their liberty, and who knew Charles. They were aware of his skill in making skeleton keys, and of his disregard for human life. They, therefore, contrived to ask Charles to join them, and he agreed to do so.

The plan was a very daring one, and involved the murder of a warder.

The keys had been secreted in Charles' cell. To-morrow he would contrive to give one to each of his confederates, and at night, when the clock struck one, the attempt was to be made.

Charles paced his cell, laboring under considerable excitement. He had need. Not only was the dash that was to be made for freedom sufficiently exciting in itself, but the warder who patrolled their section was to be throttled, and he was to do it. Charles spread out his hands, and looked at his fingers; they were long and horny. The heavy toil in the stone quarry had made his hands like

Nodules of Iron,

and his thumbs like bands of steel.

With these fingers he would choke the breath of life out of a human being and send his soul without warning into the presence of its Maker. That being done, he and his mates would pat all to the touch, and before the day should close he would either be a free man or a lifeless thing.

No wonder, then, that the nervous system of Charles was wrought to a high pitch.

But there was something else.

In the deep silence of his cell, he heard a voice, and this is what it said: "Verily I say unto you that the hour is come, and now is, when the deed shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear it shall live."

"My God!" thought Charles, "that is the old man speaking to me. Is he dead, and the cell haunted, or am I going mad?"

Charles paced his cell.

Other voices fell upon his straining ears. One was a woman's voice, saying, in accents brimful of maternal

affection, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," immediately followed by a childish voice repeating the same tender words.

The woman's voice was that of his mother; the childish voice was his own.

Then came the better-remembered tones of his grandmother, as she taught him the words, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." He, in fancy again, saw the illuminated text hanging on the wall from which ever God, for He will abundantly pardon.

The Wretched Man

buried his face in his hands, and, as he did so, saw in imagination another illuminated text hanging on the wall of the little sitting-room in his grandmother's home. The words came to him like a glint of sunshine on troubled waters—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and will abundantly pardon."

Then returned again to him the voice of the Christian Governor, saying, "And they that hear it shall live." Could he live? He, who was dead in trespasses and sin, and dead to the world—could he live again? Yes, for he had not heard the voice?

Charles sat on his pallet, his mind torn with conflicting emotions. A great desire to live a different life had sprung up within him. The God of his boyhood appeared as "the Altogether Lovely One." But then, again, he thought of his mates who were

Depending Upon Him

to play his part in preparing for them their liberty. After a time of consideration, his mind was fully made up. He resolved to do what was right and brave the consequences.

He rapped at the door of his cell. "What's the matter?" growled the turnkey. "Why don't you go to sleep." "I want to speak to the chaplain," said Charles.

The request was so unexpected that the turnkey thought he was dying, and hurried away to comply with his request.

The chaplain came. He entered the cell, and bade the turnkey remain close at hand.

"Well, what is it you want, my man?" asked the chaplain.

"I want to make a confession, sir," said Charles, "but I do not wish to implicate anyone else. Can I confess

My Share of the Plot

without mentioning other names?"

I advise you to tell the whole truth," answered the chaplain.

"No; I shall not get other people into trouble; my confession must concern myself alone!"

The chaplain then agreed to hear what he had to say, and in the silent cell the minister listened to the account of the bitter struggle that had taken place between right and wrong, heard of the contemplated escape, the premeditated murder, and the skeleton keys. All—was laid bare; but we believe that "He who is faithful and



"What do you want, my man?" asked the Chaplain. "I want to make a confession, sir," said Charles.

Chapter X.

Passage to Liberty.

AN ESCAPE THAT FAILED.

THE words of the Governor, when Charles stood before him in the reception-room, were few and to the point.

"You have come, and your character has come with you. You are a prisoner with the letter 'E' against you," said the Governor, "and at any time that you attempt to escape you will be shot dead." Charles was then marched off to his cell.

As at Portland, so at Dartmoor, Charles gave his occupation as that of a painter, and he was accordingly set to work in the painters' shop. Now it came to pass that one day a set of skeleton keys was found in the shop, and Charles was accused of securing them there. He had not done so, but was unable to convince the Governor of this fact, so he was sent to work

In the Stone Quarries.

A few days afterwards, when marching into the prison after toiling in the granite quarries all day, he was ordered to fall out, and was conducted to his cell, where he was stripped and searched, and informed that, night or day, for twelve months, he would be subjected to this indignity as part of the punishment for securing the keys. This soured Charles, and the stern discipline of the prison, and the awful toil which he had to undergo every day, with seemingly no respite until he could be laid beneath the sod in the convict's cemetery, with no one to weep over his grave or to erect a stone to mark his remains, drove the iron deeper into his soul, and made him fit for almost any deed of desperate crime.

As we have already said, Charles had absolutely no connection with the keys referred to, and so concluded that he might as well do something that would render such treatment just, as to suffer without desert. He, therefore, put by a portion of his food, with which he "squared" a man in the smith's shop to leave a file in a position where he could secure it. Charles then took the bearings of the locality, and found that the file of the wearing apparatus which, during the winter months, warmed the portion of the prison in which he was located, was in close proximity to his own cell, and as it was then summer-time, and the file was unused, he determined that the file should be his

The amount of determination, cunning, and skill manifested by convicts in their efforts to regain their liberty is almost incredible, and if such energy and intelligence were directed into honest channels greater profit would accrue to the unhappy men than they could possibly gain by crime. Thus Charles, with his file and a bar of iron, successfully dug his way through to the flue, without, as he thought, raising the suspicions of the warders. But he had reckoned without the blacksmith. That worthy had swallowed the bait that Charles had dangled before him in the shape of food, and then straightway informed the prison authorities what he had done, and what Charles contemplated doing. Now, as it is to the interest of the authorities to foster the betrayal of friends, no doubt the traitor got an additional reward. However, whether that be so or not, Charles was kept under strict, though unobtrusive surveillance.

At length the night arrived when he had decided to creep through the flue of the heating apparatus to the gorse clumps and granite

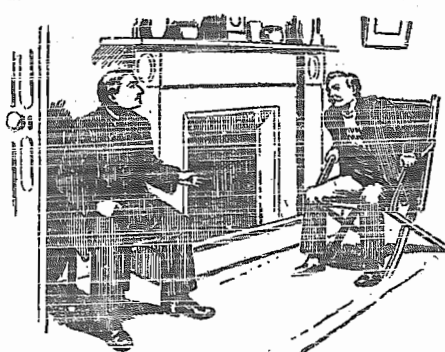
Reeks on the Moors—

and to freedom.

The night he had selected was dark and misty; it was, therefore, very favorable to his enterprise, and there is no doubt but that for treachery he would have effected his escape. Charles crept with great difficulty through the narrow cut, and by dint of great effort, and use of his hands and knees, he eventually emerged into the open, clear of his prison cell.

To his horror and surprise he had no sooner drawn himself out than he was gripped by strong hands, and he found himself in the midst of a group of warders with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets—men who were determined he should not go free, and who, if he had attempted to escape, would have shot him down with as little reluctance as they would have shot a poisoned rat.

Charles was taken before the directors and tried for his offence, for which he was sentenced to wear the yellow-and-drab dress that marks the delinquent guilty of attempted escape, and to wear by night and by day heavy irons attached to his waist and to his ankles, and nine long iron bands did the dismal clank of these iron chains sound in the ears of the wretched man, both when working in the stone quarries by day, and when reposing in his pallet at night.



Homeless and Hungry, Charles Sought Out the Salvation Army Officer and Told His Story.

just to forgive sins" blotted out the iniquities of Charles Overton that night.

God had spoken in the voice of the godly mother and the pious grandparent, and in a portion of Scripture spoken by the Christian official, and Charles had heard. The hour had come after many long, rebellious years, and as the chaplain passed out of the cell bearing with him the skeleton keys, Charles experienced a feeling of peace that he had never known before.

Chapter XII. FREE AGAIN.

After Charles had made a confession to the chaplain respecting his premeditated escape, he felt considerably enlightened in his mind. Still, the thought would obtrude itself, "shall he be punished? If so, what form will his punishment take?" His mind was soon set at rest upon this matter, however, for next morning, when the prisoners fell in to their places to be marched to their place in the gaol, Charles was ordered to go out. He was conducted to his cell, and within a short time was on his way once more to Dartmoor.

In view of his confession, and the manifest change that he had undergone, it was decided not to resort to punishment, but to remove him from the scene of his transgression and the company of his confederates.

Charles had indeed become a new creature in Christ Jesus. True, his mind was dark on many things, but he realized clearly enough that God had forgiven him his past offences, and that wrong-doing was hateful in the sight of his Maker. He, therefore, lifted himself up in accordance with the light he had, to shun the very appearance of evil.

The warders and prison authorities soon became aware of the great change that had taken place in him, and their conduct became less severe. It is true that many of his fellow-prisoners treated him in their city way as a "canting humbug," but Charles prayed for grace to persevere.

His old friend, the Christian Deputy-Governor, who was still at Dartmoor, stood by him, and was a great source of strength and comfort to Charles in the seasons of darkness and trial which he passed through inside the prison walls, and amongst such a class of reckless and irreligious men as convicts. At Christmas, the Bishop of London visited Dartmoor for the purpose of conducting the special services amongst the prisoners that are usually held at that season, and he had Charles as a confirmed, and afterwards for the sacrament, and thus showed by these outward and visible signs that he had the spiritual grace within to become an avowed follower of Christ.

After fifteen years of penal servitude had transpired, the authorities approved of his reformation, and allowed him to have his release on license. The result, however, was unfavorable for Charles. The Home Secretary, in his reply, said the three ticket-of-leave men had recently been hung at Newgate for robbery and murder, and he did not feel that these laboring men, to encourage upon society a man with the criminal record of Convict 72. We may say that two of these men had been accomplices in certain robberies. But whether bound or free, Charles had determined to me good, and, in spite of this, grace was given to him to persevere.

One day, while assisting to lay some lead upon the roof of one of the prisons, the lead slipped, and only by a supreme effort of strength was Charles able to prevent it from falling upon someone who was laboring below. By this effort Charles sustained severe internal injuries, and suffered a long illness.

This fact, and also that he had added another five years of exemplary conduct to his previous good record, encouraged the authorities at the time of His Majesty's accession to the throne to petition once more for his release, this time with success.

One day the Governor sent for him, and he was informed that in view of his good character, and his evident desire to lead a different life, the Home Secretary had decided to release him on license.

Charles was deeply affected when the news was communicated to him. After being shut away from the society

HARMONY AND DISCORD.

SOME COMMENTS ON HOLINESS.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

HARMONY.



HOLINESS means harmony. Men was meant for communion with God. That communion was evidently the great delight of Eden. "The Lord walked in the Garden in the cool of the day." What a glimpse of the original harmony between God and man is in these brief words! What a companionship is there disclosed! What a union! What favor on the one side—what happiness on the other! Such a harmony was indeed the very spirit of Paradise. The great God condescending to seek the companionship of man. Man delighting in the presence of God.

DISCORD.

What broke it? Whence the discord that came in? Man disobeyed, and his disobedience broke it. But more than that, he ought to have obeyed, and because he violated that ought to, his disobedience was wrong—it was sin. The beautiful harmony was destroyed, not only because the command of God was broken, but because man's own intention to do what he ought to have done was broken down also. He had not only committed a sin, but he had, by his choosing to do it, become a sinner. The discord was instantly evident not only in his outward acts, but in his inward purposes—not only in the fruits which proceeded from his nature, but in that nature itself. It was not only, as I said last week in another connection, the crop that was become bad, but the soil itself that was evil also.

"I OUGHT—I WILL!"

How can the harmony be won back again? That is the question. Well, obedience is the path of restoration, as disobedience was the way of forfeiture and ruin. Forgiveness is, of course, the gateway to the path. The forgiveness of the past—the remission of sins—mind, not merely the remission of punishment, that is another matter, but the real pardon of all our sins—that is the starting place for harmony with God. But the road thither, as I said, is the way of obedience to Him.

But that obedience must be offered on two grounds. First, because we ought to obey. You know that it is so. You know, also, why it is so. We ought to obey God because He is supreme over us, because He has power over us, and we cannot finally resist that power. We ought to obey Him because He loves us. We ought to obey Him because obedience will please Him and will be profitable for

of honest men for twenty years—during which time he had little or no prospect of ever again walking the streets as a free man—to be told that he was free to meet and mingle with his fellows, was a deep experience. And Charles felt it. However, his one resolve was that, come what may, he would strive to live a life in accordance with the will of God.

What has happened since his release from jail we told in the foreword to this story. How that through the officiousness of the police this poor ticket-of-leave found himself homeless and friendless in a remote village. How, in his extremity, he sought the aid of the Salvation Army, and the doors of our Prison Gate Home were flung wide open to him, as they are to every repentant criminal. How that he

us. And we ought to obey Him most of all because in itself it is good to obey Him. There can be no recovery of the old harmony without this, and holiness means the coming of the Holy Spirit into the whole man, giving him power to do what he ought to do—the power to say in all these things "I will" when the soul says "I ought."

HARMONY ONCE MORE.

But a Full Salvation means more than this. This alone could not restore the entire harmony between us and God which was lost long ago. Something more than even this power to obey the law of duty, the law of conscience, and the law of God, wonderful as it is, is needed to bring back again to fallen man the unity he first found and then lost in the Garden, and the harmony which was both enjoyed and shattered then.

What is it? It is this—He must love to obey. The Lord Jesus Christ came to restore us—that is, give us back again the likeness of God which sin had marred and defaced. It is a moral likeness—a likeness of spirit, of motive, of will, of affection—a likeness, that is, of character. What is the great power, the great feature of the character of God? It is none other than this—it is love. And the Salvation of Jesus Christ brings to those who really seek for it by faith the restoration of love as the supreme force in their hearts and lives. Then they obey God, not only because they ought—but because they love to obey. They submit to His will whether for gain or loss, for joy or sorrow, because they love His will. They fight for His glory because they love His honor. They rejoice with joy unspeakable in His presence because their love is from Him and is one with Him: It is harmony once more.

HOLINESS AND OTHERS.

And God's love reaches far and wide. It is an unfathomable sea bounded only by eternity. The harmony with God which full Salvation restores to those who seek and find makes them one with the boundless sympathy and compassion of God. Himself towards the sinful and the lost. The Spirit of Christ which made Him of no reputation, which found Him in the fashion of a servant and made Him obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, enters into a heart subdued and filled with love, and makes it also ready to condescend to suffer, even to die in shame for those who are without. Once more it is obedience—obedience prompted and made possible by love—obedience even unto death.

worked well, and gave every evidence, while in the Home, that he had become a child of Grace.

We have, therefore, only to add in conclusion that Charles is still occupying his position as foreman to a painter and decorator, giving satisfaction to his employer, living as becomes a law-abiding citizen, and a monument of God's sparing mercy and power to save.

(The End.)

At a recent gathering held at Headquarters in Finland, in connection with the Army's Slum and Rescue Work, quite a number of the nobility attended, in addition to a Finnish General attached to the Russian Army.

The History of an Army Band.

HOW THE OWEN SOUND BAND CAME INTO BEING.

The corps at Owen Sound, Ont., is one of many Canadian corps that have benefited during the past year of two by the introduction of Salvationists from the Old Country.

The English comrades of the Owen Sound corps are a fine sample of English Salvationism, particularly in this the case with the band, which now numbers fifteen.

The present band dates back for about eighteen months only, although a band had previously existed, which, however, had to be discontinued owing to special local circumstances.

The existing band was started by Bro. W. Hea about eighteen months ago, and as Bandmaster he worked very hard to overcome the many difficulties by which he was surrounded. An Inference.

In August last, Bro. S. A. Jarrett was appointed Bandmaster. At the time of his taking charge there were eight bandmen, which number has now increased to fifteen. The band is improving well, both musically and spiritually, and a special feature is the monthly spiritual meeting, led by the officer, Staff-Capt. DeBrisay.

A few facts concerning the personnel of the band may be interesting. The Bandmaster has occupied various positions in the Salvation Army; has previously been Bandmaster at Hadleigh Farm Colony, Northampton I., and Bondest, besides having been for a number of years in Salvation Army work in the Social, Trade Headquarters, and Assurance Departments, and is known to very many throughout the Old Country.

Old Warriors.

Bro. Howland, who has just arrived, was formerly the Songster leader at Chatham, Eng.

Band Sergt. Thomas Witles, and other members have also held various positions in Salvation Army warfare in the Old Country.

The bandmen—all of whom except four were saved as juveniles—are determined by God's help to make their presence felt in the town of Owen Sound, and are believing for a successful future, but while endeavoring to attain a high standard of musical excellence, they do not intend to lose sight of their responsibility as Salvationists, and with the majority their chief delight is to do all they can to get sinners converted.

The officers, Staff-Capt. DeBrisay and Capt. Jones, are working hard and doing their best to help the band in their work.

Brigadier Bennett reports that the Sailors' Home and Shelter at Montevideo, South America, continues its excellent work. The Home is fast to its utmost capacity, so much so that the officer in charge has been compelled to put beds in the reading-room. An enlargement of the institution is contemplated.

At Pittsburgh Capt. Pirgo, a Social Officer, got an ex-minister well saved. Some of the church folk took an interest in him, and he is now in charge of a Methodist Mission Church, having good meetings, and striving to save and bless others. His congregation are so delighted with the work done that they have sent a piano to the Home at which Capt. Pirgo is stationed, for the use of the inmates.

FOR HUSBANDS AND HOUSEWIVES

* Cookery Hints. *

A recipe appeared in a recent issue in which an intoxicant figured as an ingredient. We are sure our readers will know that it was an oversight. The Salvation Army is against strong drink in any shape or form.

Dumplings.—Dumplings when properly made are light and delicious and perfectly easy to digest; if improperly made just the reverse is true. Failures sometimes occur from not cooking the mixture as soon as it is mixed, and again, from cooking the mixture over water that falls below the boiling-point.

Mix and sift two cupsful of pastry flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder (level measurement) and half a teaspoonful of salt. Always use pastry flour in all recipes where yeast is not called for. Work in three teaspoonfuls of butter, using the tips of your fingers, then add, gradually, three-fourths of a cupful of milk, mixing with a cane-knife. Toss on a floured board, pat, and roll out to half an inch in thickness. Scraps with a biscuit-cutter first dipped in flour. Place closely together in a buttered steamer, put over gentle boiling-water, cover closely, and let steam fourteen minutes. If a steamer is not at hand, improvise one. A perforated tin pie plate has often been brought into requisition for this purpose, and has been found to answer the purpose admirably. Every housewife who has not a steamer can improvise some such makeshift.

Norwegian Prune Pudding.—This is a very tempting dessert, which is made without the use of eggs. Just the kind of a sweet course to introduce into the dietary when eggs command a high price. Pick over and wash half a pound of prunes. Put in a stewpan, add two cupfuls of boiling water, cover and let stand for one hour. Bring to boiling-point and let simmer until prunes are soft. Remove stones, obtain meat from stones, and add to prunes; then add one cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, a stick of cinnamon, and one and one-fourth cupfuls of boiling water. Again bring to boiling-point and let simmer five minutes. Dilute one-third of a cupful of corn-starch with enough cold water to pour easily. Add to prune mixture, and let simmer five minutes, stirring constantly for the first minute. Remove the piece of stick cinnamon, turn mixture into mould and chill. Serve with powdered sugar and thin cream, or heavy cream,

sweetened, and flavored with vanilla. Oftentimes young housekeepers meet with great difficulty in the whipping of cream. Heavy cream as bought in glass jars of the average grocer needs some treatment before it can be successfully whipped. Mix half a pint jar of thick cream with from one-fourth to one-third of a cupful of milk. Beat until stiff, using an egg-beater; then add one-third of a cupful of powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Whipped cream for hot chocolate is prepared in the same way. Add just a few grains of salt, which brings out a flavor that nothing else can.

* Health Hints. *

Avoid the Medicine Habit.—It is a very bad plan to take medicine continually. If girls with this habit would let drugs alone, and substitute proper food and fresh air, there would be very little occasion to worry about pale cheeks, unpleasant breath and disordered stomach.

A Suggestion for Curing Insomnia.—The habit of planning the next day's work after one has gone to bed is very bad. If you have trouble in diverting your mind from business cares, read the War Cry just before retiring. This will nearly always relax the nervous tension and prepare you for a refreshing night's sleep.

The Cause of Rough, Flaky Skin.—As a rule, at this time of year, a rough, flaky skin is due to impure soap and hard water, careless exposure to winter winds, and to the lack of the use of some emollient.

Cheerfulness a Habit.—One can cultivate cheerfulness until it becomes a habit. Let us count our blessings instead of our troubles, and always look for the funny side of any unpleasant experience. It is there, and we will find it if we hunt hard enough. After this the hurt will disappear.

Exercise Regularly and Moderately.—Regular exercise is of much benefit, while spasmodic attempts are almost useless. Always take exercise in moderation. One may easily injure himself by over-exercising, especially after a period of idleness. A walk which may not be long, but which is taken with due regularity, and with some object of interest in view, will do a great deal to keep you in health. Your exercise then will not prove a task.

* Indoor Plants. *

Have you received a plant as a Christmas present? If so, you may find some of these hints helpful in preserving it.

Care of the Chinese Primrose.

The Chinese primrose comes in white and in various shades of red and blue, as well as in different tones of pink. The bright reds are most frequently seen at Christmas, but all require the same treatment.

It is unusual for them to be grown in any other way than in pots, although sometimes these plants continue blooming in windows all the year round. A cool room in the winter season suits this class of plants best—not higher than fifty-five degrees at night and if the temperature drops to forty-five degrees no harm will be done. Most plants when in a cooler temperature require less water, and the Chinese primrose, while it must not be allowed to remain dry at the roots more than a day or two at a time, will thrive with less water than many other plants.

This plant, with its delicate thread-like roots, delights in a soil that contains at least one-third leaf mould and two-thirds good loam to which sand and a small quantity of well-rotted stable manure has been added.

* Handy Hints. *

When Washing Clothes in cold weather, try putting a handful of salt in the last rinsing water. While not entirely preventing freezing, it will, nevertheless, make the clothes easier to handle.

To Thaw Out Frozen Water Pipes pour into the pipe a cupful or more of common salt. Usually the drain will soon be all right after this has been done.

Hanging Out Clothes on a cold day may be made much easier by pinning small articles, such as collars, handkerchiefs, etc., to a sheet before taking them out to the clothesline.

Heat the Clotheslines in the oven in cold weather, and they will retain sufficient warmth to keep the fingers comfortable during the process of hanging out clothes on a cold winter day.

When a Kettle Threatens to Boil Over grease the rim lightly all around

with a bit of butter. The contents will touch this danger line, but will not pass it. Steppans, in which vegetables are boiling, may be treated in the same way.

To Keep a Baby Covered at night make a big bag out of a warm single blanket. Sew up the two edges and bottom; then, after slipping the baby in, pin the each shoulder with large safety pins. This warm bag, being much larger than the child, gives him perfect freedom, yet keeps him from getting cold.

Keep a Pair of Scissors at the sewing machine and you will be well repaid for taking the trouble. The safest way to make certain that the scissors will not be missing just when most needed is to attach them to the machine by a cord or small chain.

* Frosty Nights. *

The Attic is the Weak Spot in the house. If cold, the house is cold. Look over all the cracks that leak heat. Stop them and save coal. Weather strips are often useful inside. Leaky cracks about the door leading to the attic should be made tight with weather strips. The outside back door is another that will pay to make tight.

Better Keep the Kitchen Fire All Night than run that nice copper pump in the sink.

Freezing Weather and the bath-room do not agree. Keep a thermometer there. If in the early morning it drops to 45 degrees put the oil stove in the room and let it burn for an hour or more, and again early in the morning, when zero outside. Better do this than invite trouble and the plumber.

If Pipes in Walls and inaccessible places freeze, don't call the plumber; call up the electric company. These companies now do this work without disturbing the pipes.

Empty Every Vessel containing water at cold nights, from the buckets at the well to the pump water pail in the shed. Water, in freezing, wants more room, and no vessel yet made can resist its expansion. Look in the spare room also. Many a handsome pitcher has been broken because somebody forgot it was filled.

Wrap the Pipes rather than call the plumber or the electrician to thaw them out. Strips of old blanketing or heavy woolen help wonderfully.

* Asked and Answered. *

M. is considerably puzzled as to what line he should adopt in regard to what are termed innocent amusements.

A Salvationist takes far higher ground than whether he "may" or "may not" occupy himself with the ordinary amusements of life. He gives body, soul and spirit to God for His use and service, and Christ finds so much delightful work for a really consecrated man to do that he has neither time nor inclination to devote spare hours to mere self-pleasure.

Bandamen cannot see why we should use song-tunes to holy words. He thinks they belong to the devil.

I should like to ask you what right the devil has to a single note of music? Music is the property of God, the atmosphere of the angels, the atmosphere of heaven. If there is any good thing in the world which the devil has appropriated to his own use, seize it for the King of kings, and prove your right to it by using it for the glory of Jesus and the Salvation of souls.

A. F. G. has a father out of work, and likely to remain so; also a mother and brothers and sisters dependent upon her. In spite of this, she asks if she would be doing right to apply for citizenship and leave them in want.

Under such circumstances, not only would God's blessing be withheld from you, but the Army would refuse to accept you. When God wants you He will make your way plain.

M. H.—Is it in accordance with Salvationist principles to sing good songs, such as "I'm longing for my dear old home again," or patriotic songs? My friend and I sat silent for three hours on Boxing night because the rest of our home-party sang songs such as these.

Use the tunes, by all means, but arrange them to consecrated words. Hunt up some friend who will make or adapt you a song, if you are unable to write suitable words yourself. There is no better means of conveying a message to others than by popular catchy tunes wedded to words which tell of Christ and Salvation. You need never refuse to sing to your friends when ready with such songs as these. Try "Jesus, lover," to "Kill-

army." Coon songs work up capital-ly, especially if you can accompany yourself upon a banjo. Companies of roughs are always ready to listen to you if you start a plantation song, particularly if they are unacquainted with the usual chorus, and cannot, therefore, drown yours with it.

H. L.—"I feel I would do anything to get Salvation. I have prayed at every mercy seat, and have been told I am saved, but I know deep down in my heart I am not."

The Holy Spirit alone can give a soul the assurance that he is saved. Seek that from Himself. He will give it if you have fulfilled the condition; first, repentance, which means such honest regret for having grieved God that you will willingly forsake your sin; second, faith, which is no more than simple trust in Christ that He is able to deliver, willing to deliver, and that, according to His own Word, He does deliver you now. Having taken that last step, you must reckon that God is faithful, you must count it done. Rise up and praise Him. When the devil bids you doubt, praise Him again. Take Isaiah xli. 1, 2, sentence by sentence; thank God that each

step, as you come to it, is true. As you do this, the Spirit will witness with your spirit that you are a child of God in very truth, and you will need no one to "tell you that you are saved." (See Romans viii. 15, 16.)

D. C. has lost desire for spiritual things, blaming the treatment of others for her own backsliding.

You need to pray with the Psalmist, "O Lord, renew our days as of old;" what is required on your part is a whole-hearted return unto God, asking His pardon and cleansing for your coldness and sin, and rising in His new mercy and grace to live again the life of devotion to Jesus Christ to which He calls you long ago. Only the Holy Spirit can fill your heart with desire for God. Go to your Father, in Jesus' name, and cry for a baptism of His renewing love. If you are filled with the Spirit of Christ you will not be thinking how people treat you; there will be neither time nor inclination for self-seeking; your wishes and thoughts will be all turned towards Christ. Have you never lived such a life as this? Then ask Him to lead you into it to-day.

MISSING.

SALVATION SONGS.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist escaped women and children, or anyone in distress. Address: Commission, 171 R. Commerce, 20 Alton Street, Toronto, and mark "Equity" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent with the notice, to defray the cost of a reproduction of a picture is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of \$2.00 is made, which must accompany the notice with the picture. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column and notify the Commission if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second Insertion.)

5709. ASH, CHAS. Age 22, brown hair, grey eyes, dark complexion. News wanted.

5710. RICHARDSON, MAGGIE (nee Fowler). Age 25, height 5ft. 5in., dark brown hair, blue eyes. Missing fourteen months. May be in Hamilton or Toronto.

5708. STEVENSON, RANDAL. If this should meet the eye of Randal Stevenson, formerly of Durham, Eng., please communicate with the above office.

5711. DAY, WALTER. Came to Canada about five years ago to learn farming. Last known address, Campbell P. O., Ont. Age 31, right 5ft., fair complexion, light eyes. News wanted.

5712. HENDERSON, JOHN. Age 23, medium height, reddish hair, blue eyes, light complexion, is a clerk. Last known address, Montreal.

5677. WING, HERBERT. Age 19, height 5ft. 5in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Missing two years. Last known address, Toronto.

5698. FENSEN, FENS. Age 32, single, rather tall, slender, fair hair and complexion, formerly a sailor, a native of Denmark. Missing nine years.

5701. WITTE, GEORGE ALFRED. Came to Canada in May last. Age 39, brown hair, hazel eyes, fresh complexion, was a railway porter in the Old Land in Walthamton, Essex, England.

5699. DONALDSON, ROBERT. Left the S.S. Mongolian, Montreal, in June, 1905. May have joined a ship bound for South Africa, or may have joined a Canadian regiment. News wanted.

5697. KELLAND ARCHIBALD, alias Mark McDonald. Age 21, height 5ft. 9in., black hair, brown eyes. Missing since last known address, was a grocer's assistant. Last known address, Port Arthur.

5689. SNEDDEN, JOHN. Age 18, height 5ft. 5in., farm laborer, dark brown hair, dark eyes. Missing two years. Last known address, Kennelworth Station.

5695. JOHNSEN, JOHN MAURICE. Norwegian. Not heard of since September, 1903. Was a G.P.R. ship's carpenter. Last known address, Camp 3, Blind River, Ont. Age 42, height 5ft. 8in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, small features, left handed, first finger on left hand been shot and is quite stiff.

5691. PIDJON, JAMES. Age 24, height 5ft. 8in., light brown hair, blue eyes. Been missing two years. Last known address, St. John, N.B. Intended going to Charlotteville, P.E.I. Is either a Forester or an Orangeman.

5692. DEWS, CHAS. Age 23, height 5ft. 5in., bricklayer's laborer, dark hair, dark eyes. Not heard of since last July. Came out to this country on the Empress of Ireland in May last. Supposed to have stepped in Quebec. News urgently wanted.

5696. GREY, ERNEST F. Age 32, height 6ft., brown hair and eyes, fair complexion. Last known address, Seattle, Wash. May have gone to the Alaskan gold fields. News wanted.

WANTED 1-STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, Toronto, for young people who are qualified Shorthands and Typists; also for improvers who do not become thoroughly competent. Young people of either sex, children of officers or soldiers, are at liberty to apply. Write to

The Chief Secretary,
20 Albert St., Toronto.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Ten Thousand, Thousand Souls (N.B.B. 60); Oh, the Lamb (N.B.B. 55).

1 Ten thousand thousand souls there are,
Entered within the door;
These countless souls are gathered in,
And yet there's room for more.

Chorus.

Then come, oh, come.

Room for the lame, the halt, the blind,
Sinner, there's room for thee;
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls

By dying on the tree.

There's room for seeking, sighing souls
Who seek their fears to quell,
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone,
Can save a soul from hell.

Tunes.—Behold the Lamb (N.B.B. 129); Better World (N.B.B. 129).

2 Behold! behold the Lamb of God
On the cross!
For us He shed His precious blood
On the cross!

Oh, hear His all-important cry,
"Why perish, blood-bought sinner,
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross!"

Come, sinners! see Him lifted up,
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus suffers for our sake.

Now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
To heaven He turns His dying eyes,
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries;
Then bows His sacred head and dies.

Experience.

Tunes.—We Shall Win (N.B.B. 113);
Welcome to Glory (N.B.B. 114).
Song Book 600.

3 Let us sing of His love once again,
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the blood of the Lamb who was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that day.

Have You Seen the New Young Soldier?

IT IS A PARADOX!

WHATEVER IS THAT?

YOU GET A COPY AND SEE.

(A Paradox is that which is Apparently Absurd but is Really True.)

The Young Soldier is Smaller and Yet It is Bigger.

YOU GET A COPY—IT IS ONLY ONE CENT—AND
SEE HOW THE PARADOX WORKS OUT.

The Young Soldier for January 12, amongst other interesting articles, will contain:

The First Instalment of the Wonderful Doings of the "DON'T KNOW FAMILY."

The Conclusion of A THRILLING TALE OF SCOTTISH MARTYRDOM.

The Beginning of SUNDAY AFTERNOON READINGS.
More Stories of WHEN THE ARMY MOTHER WAS A GIRL.

Are there Children in Your Home? Take with You
a Copy of the Young Soldier.

Chorus.

Are you washed in the blood?

Are you walking daily
By the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment
In the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh
Will your robes be white—
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be ready
For the marriage bright?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Tunes.—Oh, the Voice (N.B.B. 56);
Now I Can Read (N.B.B. 56).

7 It is the blood that washes white,
That makes me pure within;
That keeps the inward witness bright,
That cleanses from all sin.

Chorus.

Oh, the blood to me so dear,
Saving now from guilt and sin,
Cleansing now my heart within,
Making free from self and sin.

It is the blood that sweeps away
The power of Satan's rod,
That shows the new and living way
That leads to heaven and God.

It is the blood that brings us nigh
To holiness and heaven,
The source of victory and joy—
God's life for rebels given.

Holiness.

Tunes.—I Hear Thy Welcome Voice (N.B.B. 69); Falcon Street (N.B.B. 67).

5 Called from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.

Deep in my soul I feel
The living waters spring,
And joy the wondrous news to tell,
And full salvation sing.

My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this;
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully His.

Tunes.—Are You Washed? (N.B.B. 207).

6 Have you been to Jesus
For the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting
In His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL CONDUCT
SPECIAL MEETINGS
AT
Montreal, Sunday, Jan. 13.

11 a.m. Holiness, "S. A. Grassie."
2 p.m. Lecture, "The Canadian Army and its Immigration and Colonization Work." 7 p.m. Moving Pictures, "The Life of Christ" in the Armories.

"Lieut. Colonel" Fugmore and Mr. Morris will accompany the Commissioner.

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON,
The Praying League, Secretary, will visit Hamilton 10, on Sat., Sun. and Mon., Jan. 19, 20, 21.

ENGLISH SHEARD WITH BROSDORF
Will conduct Special Meetings at Port Arthur, Jan. 12, 13, 14; Port Wilmot, Jan. 15; Kenora, Jan. 17; Winnipeg, Jan. 18; Winnipeg, Jan. 19, 20, 21; Portage la Prairie, Jan. 22, 23, 24; Dauphin, Jan. 25, 26, 27; Prince Albert, Jan. 28; Saskatoon, Jan. 29; Edmonton, Feb. 1, 2, 3; Wetaskiwin, Feb. 4; Calgary, Feb. 5; Lethbridge, Feb. 6; Medicine Hat, Feb. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11; Moose Jaw, Feb. 12, 13; Regina, Feb. 14, 15; Brandon, Feb. 16, 17, 18; Carleton Place, Feb. 19; Winnipeg, Feb. 20, 21; Selkirk, Feb. 22.

TERRITORIAL FINANCIAL SPECIALS.

Northwest Province.—Capt. Devlin, Grand, Fort Reliance, Jan. 13; Phoenix, Jan. 15; Motherlove, Jan. 15; Greenwood, Jan. 17; Roseland, Jan. 17; Revelstoke, Jan. 22, 23; New Westminster, Jan. 25-27; Nanaimo, Jan. 28, 29; Ladysmith, Jan. 30; Victoria, Feb. 1, 2, 3; Vancouver, Feb. 4, 5; Port Arthur, Feb. 6; Port Huron, Feb. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11; Prince Rupert, Feb. 12, 13; Carleton Place, Feb. 19; Winnipeg, Feb. 20, 21; Selkirk, Feb. 22.